

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 204.—VOL. VIII.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

CAUTION!

To Postmasters, Agents and Subscribers.

We have received several communications like the following:

P. O. MIDDLEPORT, Ill., Oct. 15, 1859.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.—SIR: I received a "Circular" a few days since, from W. W. Ross & Co., New York City, proposing to send the *Ledger*, *Mercury*, *Leslie's Illustrated* and *Harper's Weekly*, for the low sum of \$1 25 a year, each. I have raised for your *Illustrated Paper* about fifteen subscribers at these rates, but I am afraid W. W. Ross & Co. is an illegitimate institution. I will not forward the money until I am further advised. An early answer will very much oblige, yours truly,

W. F. KEADY, P. M.

We know of no such firm as W. W. Ross & Co. No person can mail our paper at the rate offered. Our lowest mail rates will be found on our editorial page. Subscribers should send cash direct to this office, or pay it to respectable news agents with whom they are personally acquainted.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

THE first rough intelligence flashed over the wires that a negro insurrection had burst out at Harper's Ferry, took the public by surprise last week, and made the firmest look grave. Later reports dispelled much of the fears at first entertained as to the extent of the movement, and afforded a truer view of the state of affairs.

The Commencement.

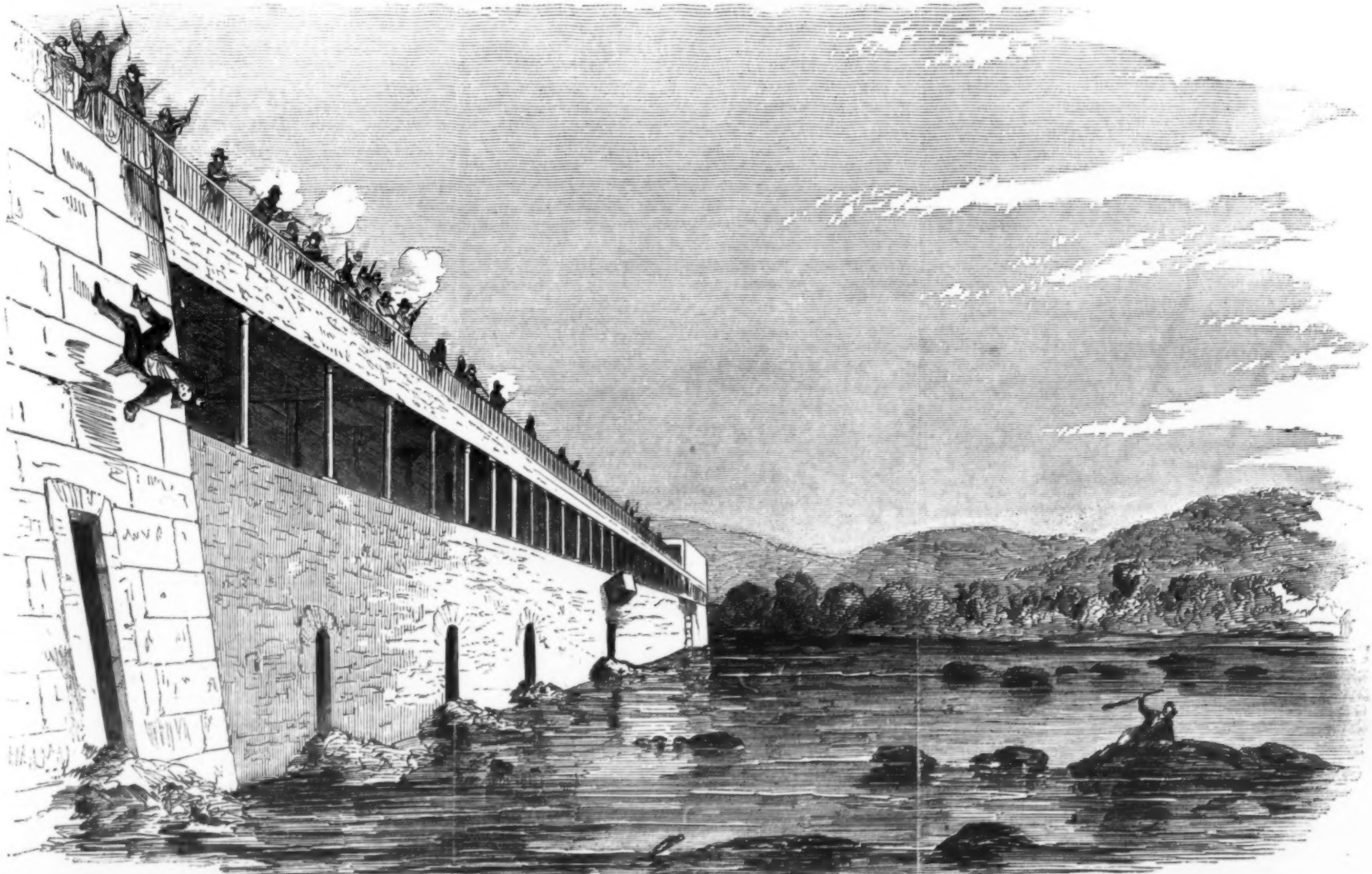
The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about a quarter to ten o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry bridge, whilst walking across towards the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke; but enforcing silence, they conducted him to the Armory,



OSSAWATTIMIE BROWN—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE WAS MADE PRISONER, SHOWING THE BULLET HOLES IN HIS FOREHEAD.



THE INSURGENT CAPT. AARON G. STEPHENS.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE WAS MADE A PRISONER.



THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.—VOLUNTEERS SHOOTING INSURGENTS WHO HAD TAKEN REFUGE BY SWIMMING TO A ROCK, THROWING OTHERS OFF THE BRIDGE, ETC.—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped.

They visit Colonel Washington.

The next appearance of the insurgents was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slaveowner, living about four miles from the ferry. A party headed by Cook, proceeded there, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse and a large wagon with two horses. When Colonel Washington saw Cook he immediately recognized him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword, presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heirlooms in the family. Before leaving Cook wanted Colonel Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Colonel Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit, to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which he did not recollect till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

They capture Mr. Allstadt and his son.

From Colonel Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and leave of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all the negroes within reach forced to join the movement.

They return to the Armory.

He then returned to the armory. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Captain Phelps's train. It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were imprisoned. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists at once increased from fifty—which was probably their greatest number, including the slaves who were forced to join—to from five to six hundred. In the meantime a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the armory and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the armory. Those thus entrapped were: Armistead Ball, Chief Draughtsman of the Armory, Benjamin Mills, Master of the Armory, and J. E. P. Dangerfield, Postmaster's Clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned in the engine-house, which afterwards became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash, made by the railroad company's men, who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight, about which time Captain Cook, with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Colonel Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road towards Pennsylvania. As day advanced, and the news gained ground, numbers gathered around the ferry, and preparations were made to attack the insurrectionists.

The Assault commences.

A general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the armory yard. The colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Barley, a citizen of Perry. He was shot standing in his own door. The insurrectionists by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time also, Samuel P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Colonel Robert W. Bayler, having crossed the Susquehanna river some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge, firing a volley they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down through the armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists a man named William Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town, and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without firearms, and was exposed for only a moment, whilst approaching a water station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine-house, where his body was found next day.

Thompson Brought Out and Shot.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge and shot down from the bridge. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge, toward the armory gate, by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the armory buildings.

Storming of the Conspirators' Stronghold.

When preparations had been completed by Colonel Lee for assaulting the insurgents in the engine-house where they had taken shelter, Lieutenant Stewart, aid to Colonel Lee, proceeded with a flag of truce to consult on the terms of surrender. Brown proposed that he and his men should be permitted to leave with their arms, &c., and carry their prisoners, Messrs. Washington, Dangerfield, Mills and others, as far as the second lock in the canal, where he would release the prisoners; after which, if the troops chose to attack him, he would be ready to fight. This was his ultimatum.

Lieutenant Stewart responded that an unconditional surrender would be demanded, in which case he and his men would be protected until the President of the United States could be heard from.

This being declined, the marines were ordered up, and bravely did their duty.

The cool bravery displayed by Major Russell in entering the engine-room in advance of his men was the subject of special praise. While the gallant Major thus risked his own life he was aiming to prevent unnecessary bloodshed. A number of shots had been fired on both sides, when some one in the house cried for quarter. Instantly Major R. commanded the marines to cease firing; but seeing another volley about being shot, he snatched a Sharp's rifle from one of the insurgents, and turning to his own men declared he would shoot the first man who fired another gun. This ended the desperate struggle, which had continued for about two minutes with rifles muzzle to muzzle.

Lieutenant Green also displayed great coolness and daring during the short but terrible encounter with these desperate men.

Mr. Washington, who was confined with the other prisoners in the engine-house, and all of whom, it was feared, would be shot in the

melee, reports that all the insurgents wished to surrender but Brown; that he never quailed, but exhibited a coolness and courage seldom equalled. He ordered and arranged the port-holes drilled in the wall with as much composure as if it had been an ordinary transaction of every-day business. During the firing he never faltered. He also says the prisoners were treated by Brown with great consideration and kindness.

Brown's House is searched.

On the 18th a detachment of marines and some volunteers visited Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and one thousand five hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet-bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North—one from Fred. Douglass, containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by himself for one hundred dollars, indorsed by the cashier of a New York bank, name not recollected. All these are in possession of Governor Wise. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering one thousand dollars reward for Cook, and a large number of armed men are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him.

The Killed and Wounded.

The killed and wounded are—killed, six citizens and fifteen insurgents; wounded, three insurgents, prisoners five.

The Conspirators in Prison.

The prisoners have been committed to Charlestown jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. They will be indicted and tried in a few days. The local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and meanwhile the United States authorities are to proceed on the charge of treason. Governor Wise said to the United States District Attorney Ould that he has no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners; that is what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities have done with them.

Brown is better, and has made a fuller statement, in which he says he rented the farm from Dr. Kennedy six months since, and the rent is paid till next March; he never had over twenty-two men at the farm at one time that belonged to the organization, but he had good reasons to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada; he had arms sufficient for fifteen hundred men; he had two hundred revolvers, two hundred Sharpe's rifles and a thousand spears; he left them at the farm; he had abundance of powder and other ammunition; he brought all the arms, from time to time, from Connecticut and other eastern points to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; they were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy Farm, his assumed name. They were packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who handled them on their way to the farm. He says he made one mistake in either not detaining the train on Sunday night, or permitting it to go on unmolested. This mistake, he seemed to infer, exposed his doings too soon and prevented his reinforcements from coming.

Who Conspirator Brown is.

John Brown is the son of a wealthy farmer of Hudson, Portage county, Ohio. He was born in Connecticut about sixty-three years ago, but at an early age went to Hudson township, Ohio, where he cultivated a dairy farm for many years. He then embarked in wool growing, in which speculation he made a large fortune. This he subsequently lost, and became absorbed in abolitionism. He is a complete monomaniac on this subject. There are many tragical circumstances connected with his history. Seven years ago he had six fine stalwart sons, only one now remains—four having fallen in border wars, and one in this late insane attempt.

List of the Conspirators.

WHITES.

OFFICERS.—Gen. John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded, but will recover. Capt. Oliver Brown, dead; Capt. Watson Brown, dead; Capt. Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, wounded badly, he has three balls, and cannot possibly recover; Lieut. Edwin Coppie, of Iowa, unburt; Lieut. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, dead; Lieut. Wm. Leman, of Maine, dead; Capt. John E. Cook, of Connecticut, escaped.

PRIVATE.—Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead; Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, dead; Wm. Thompson, of New York, dead; Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead; Capt. John Kagi, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Lieut. Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, dead.

With the three whites previously sent off, these make a total of seventeen whites.

NEGROES.

Dangerfield, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Emperor, of New York, raised in South Carolina, not wounded, but a prisoner. The latter was elected a member of the Provisional Government some time since; Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, not wounded, prisoner at Charlestown.

Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Stealing a Lady's Teeth, when out of her Head.—The Rochester Union has a very grave account of a young man entering the house of Mrs. Julia A. Seelye and stealing a set of mineral teeth, upon gold plate, valued at one hundred and twenty dollars. The complainant states that on Saturday night about twelve o'clock, when in bed in her chamber, she heard a drawer rattled in a lower room, lighted a candle and ran down stairs. She saw a man just leaving the front door, whom she recognized as Burroughs. It was a light, moonlight night, and Mrs. S. says she saw the fellow go out at the gate. Burroughs resides at Brockport, where Mrs. S. formerly resided, and had once slept in her house, only a short time since, having entered by a window with the consent of her son.

Chicago in an Uproar.—A Mr. Tuttle, of Hartford, Conn., the other night rushed all Chicago. Arriving in that city, he put up at the Richmond House, and retired to his bedroom. Having about \$1,500 with him, he grew rather nervous about losing it, and thereupon resolved to sleep in a chair all night. About two o'clock in the morning the boarders and officers in the hotel were aroused by hearing the most unearthly yells of murder proceeding from Mr. Tuttle's room. Landlord and servants quickly hastened to the room, where they found the door fastened with the cries of "Murder! Murder!" growing louder and more vehement. Of course the door was quickly thrust open (but it required the main strength of several persons to accomplish that object), when it was discovered that the person who was vociferating "murder" with so much energy was the sole inmate of the room, and having stationed himself against the door, he holding it with all his strength. No sooner was it opened than he rushed out, through the corridors and down the staircases with headlong speed, yelling "Murder!" at every bound. The wondering crowd of course followed him. To the street he rushed. "Murder!" "Murder!" echoed fearfully through the city, as he ran with all possible speed down Michigan avenue. Three or four policemen joined in the pursuit, and official speed and bottom were never before so thoroughly put to the test. The bell-ringer in his steeple on the court-house bearing the hubbub, and supposing half the city was on fire, rang the alarm bell furiously, for no less than four different fire districts. The engines were brought out, and ran first in one direction and then another for nearly an hour. The man continued his flight, and the policemen continued their chase, as far as Van Buren street, where the former was overtaken. Upon being assured who the persons were who had been pursuing him, the man suddenly became rational and explained matters.

Tuttle had been dreaming!

Daring Robbery.—The impunity with which violence is committed in the middle of day and in the most crowded thoroughfare of our metropolis was strangely illustrated lately. A boy had been sent by Mr. Frost, a money broker in Broadway, to deposit \$5,000 in the Park Bank. The youth had scarcely got out of the office before some miscreant dashed about a quart of spirits of turpentine over his person, and then snatching the bag from his hand, ran off and escaped. The turpentine, which was probably intended to put out the boy's eyes, was received in his breast, which was badly burned by it. The lad was so taken aback that he was unable for a moment or two to give an alarm, and almost instantly the thief was in the crowd and out of sight. Not the least trace of him has been obtained.

True Heroism.—The press is too apt to record the crimes and vices of the human race. It is well now and then to chronicle their virtues. The Charlotte (N. C.) Bulletin records the heroic conduct of a young lady residing in Henry county, Va. A child of Dr. Wayt, of Charlotte, was on a visit to the Reed family, and while playing in the yard was struck in the foot by a rattlesnake.

Fully aware of the danger which she incurred, but without a moment's hesitation, the courageous young lady set to work to draw the poison from the wound by applying her mouth to the bite and sucking out the virus, which she preserved in until she was satisfied that the poison had been eradicated. Up to this time she has experienced no ill effects from the poison, and the child, with the exception of a swelling of the foot and leg, was well in a few days.

A Costly Vengeance.—Joseph Lacy was, a short time since, convicted of the firing of the town of Oshkosh, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, seven days of each month solitary confinement. Last spring, he opened a place of ill-fame in Oshkosh, Wis., which soon became so notorious that the citizens of that place requested him several times to leave. He invariably refused, and finally carried his evil doings to such a pitch that they burned his house and drove him out of the place. He left, swearing revenge, and on the night of the 10th of May the town was fired and \$500,000 worth of property destroyed. The trial lasted several days, the defence attempting to produce an alibi, but signally failing. The proof was conclusive, and he was convicted and sentenced.

An Interesting Relic.—The editor of the Warrentown (Va.) Flag has in his possession a plain gold ring one hundred and thirty-eight years old! It has engraved on it, in old style, these words: "J. W., obit March 9th, 1721." It was poughed up by one of the servants on a plantation in the county of Kleg George. The ring is of pure gold, and is supposed by some to have been the property of the father of General Washington, as the initials, we believe, are the same. The owner has been offered and refused the sum of two hundred dollars for it.

Sauce for the Goose, Sauce for the Gander.—Chief Justice Lowrie, of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose driver was fined \$25 for a violation of the Sunday laws in driving his family to church, has paid the fine, and published a card, in which he says he was quite ignorant that he had been allowing a transgression of the law, though he had studied it carefully, and officially declines carrying the case further, because there may be suitors before the Supreme Court in other cases, and they ought not to be embarrassed by having one of its judges peculiarly interested. Judge Lowrie is one of the three judges who rendered an opinion adverse to the Excelsior Omnibus Company, a few years since, for running on Sunday.

Anecdote of the late Senator Broderick.—The fatal end of Mr. Broderick's last duel brings to mind his remarkable escape from a duel which he fought on the 17th of March, 1857, at Contra Costa, California. His antagonist, Judge J. Caleb Smith, son of Extra-Billy Smith, of Virginia, was uninjured, but Broderick received a bullet at one of the side pockets in his waistcoat, where for the first and only time in his life he carried his watch. He started to the field with a new waistcoat, and on the way stopped at the jeweler's for his watch, which had been undergoing repairs. He then discovered for the first time that he had no watch pocket, and he therefore placed his timepiece in the side pocket, where, in breaking the force of Smith's bullet, it saved the owner's life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The official correspondence between the British Government and its officials in China, relative to the measures taken for the ratification of the treaty at Peking, is published. The Hon. Colonel Bruce, British Ambassador, states positively that if Admiral Hope had expressed any doubts as to the result of attempting to force the passage of the Peiho, they would not have been shared by the squadron, and if it be decided that the means at command were insufficient to justify so bold a line of policy, Colonel Bruce accepts the responsibility of Admiral Hope's act.

Lord John Russell's reply virtually approves of the course taken, and says that preparations are being made, in connection with the French Government, to enable the forces to support the Plenipotentiaries in their instructions.

Col. Bruce, in one of his letters, shows the position occupied by Mr. Ward, the American Minister, and expresses the opinion that the Chinese will not make difficulties about exchanging ratifications with him, as the conditions under which the American Minister is alone entitled to visit Peking contain nothing offensive to Chinese pride. Col. Bruce expresses much gratification at the friendly feeling and assistance experienced from Mr. Ward and Flag Officer Ta'nall.

No further chance in the Great Eastern programme is announced. She will probably leave Portland on the day the Europa sails, and arrive at Holyhead on the 11th. Her departure for America depends entirely upon circumstances. Numerous steamers and excursion trains are advertised to leave Liverpool, &c., to visit the big ship.

The London Times says that fabricators of false coin are very active, either in Mexico or the United States, more than the ordinary proportion of dollars recently received via New York having been found bad.

Sir John Paul Dean, and his partner, Strachan, the fraudulent bankers, have been pardoned, and orders have been sent to New South Wales to send them home at the Government expense.

Roseuth had written a very long and lachrymose letter to the editor of the Glasgow Atlas, expressing his disappointment at the Treaty of Villafranca.

FRANCE.

The fortifications on the coast between Havre and Caen were being carried on with extreme rapidity.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent says it is strictly true that Napoleon has a secret understanding with Austria and Sardinia, which will enable him to command the whole Italian seaboard in the Mediterranean as far as Civita Vecchia, and another step in furtherance of his scheme is the expedition to Morocco, as the Mediterranean squadron, which has sailed from Foulon with 10,000 men for the Moroccan frontier, will command the African coast from Algiers to Gambia.

The Bishop of Orleans, in joining the Ultramontane demonstration in course of execution by French Bishops on account of affairs in Italy, hinted at the possible invasion of Ireland by Gen. McMahon.

ITALY.

The Pope had declared that he would not consent to abandon his temporal power, but would appeal for armed support to all the Catholic Powers. It was reported that he had given the Sardinian Minister his passports. It was also rumored that Prince Carignano had accepted the Regency of Central Italy for the King of Sardinia.

A telegraph dispatch from Modena to the Daily News says: On the 8th, Colonel Anviti, late President of the late military commission of the Ex-Duke of Parma, was discovered to have arrived in Parma in disguise, having gone there to get up a conspiracy.

He remained concealed for some time, and when recognized by the populace great efforts were made to save him. He finally took refuge in a guard house where four or five carabinieri were stationed, but the door was forced and Col. Anviti was killed. Perfect tranquillity subsequently prevailed.

Great agitation prevailed in Naples. Fourteen persons belonging to the highest families had been arrested, charged with the crime of discussing politics. The Government is taking the greatest precautions against any outbreak.

The King of Sardinia has addressed a circular to the Great Powers, in which he declares the necessity of uniting the Legations, Parma, Modena and Tuscany into a Central Italian Kingdom, as a balance of power against Austria.

TURKEY.

The inquiry into the late conspiracy was terminated. The Commission had made a report, and sentence was soon to be passed. Fresh and important arrests had been made.

Omar Pacha, the great soldier of the Crimean war, has been deprived of his government in Asia Minor, in consequence of his abuse of power. One of his divorced wives, a French woman and a singer of some merit, is now in New York.

INDIA.

A private telegraphic despatch says the disbanded European troops had accepted the bounty and consented to go to China, instead of returning home. It is supposed that the force to be sent would number 10,000.

Disturbances were imminent on the coast of Kattywar. It was reported that the people of Seyppore would not comply with the disarmament order.

Nena Sahib and the Begum were in Nepal.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia was to be at Warsaw on the 15th October. He had summoned his Ambassadors at the Courts of Paris, Berlin and Vienna, to meet him there, to deliberate on the state of Europe.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

The treaty between France and Austria will be signed about the 12th Oct. It only settles the Lombardian question. It is said to leave the other matters quite open between Austria and Sardinia.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Hawaiian papers contain a very suggestive statement, demonstrating how rapidly and steadily the aborigines are disappearing before the presence of civilized man.

"Natives of the Sandwich Islands, like the Indians of this continent, are gradually disappearing before the approach of the white man. The present number of the Hawaiians would not probably exceed 65,000; and should the present ratio of decrease proceed unchecked, in a few years the number must be very small. The decrease is due, in a great measure, to licentiousness, indolence, the prevalence of epidemics, and the great demand for Hawaiian slaves, who go abroad, many of them, never to return. While the aborigines are decreasing, there is also a steady increase of the foreign element by birth and immigration, most of those born on the island desiring to grow up and spend their days there."

CHINA.

A letter from Hong Kong, dated the 6th of July, says: "Messrs. Bruce and Bourboulon, British and French Ministers, have both renunciated (the latter on the 5th, the former yesterday, 8th) in a friendly manner with Mr. Ward, the object being to deter him from going to Peking. Of course he has but one course, to have his treaty exchanged whenever it can be accomplished with dignity to our Government."

"Finding, yesterday, that our 'junk' was getting along very slowly, and feeling confident that she had a communication from the Governor-General, we got up steam on the Toey-wan, and sent to tow her up. At one P. M. she was brought alongside, and two whiteball Mandarins came on board in company with Mr. Martin, the interpreter. The latter at once handed Mr. Williams a letter from Governor-General Hung, of which the following is the sense:

"Gove nor-General Hung had received the letter of the American Minister, and would be at the fortified entrance seven miles to the north of the Peiho for, to meet upon any day that he, Mr. Ward, might select. Thence he would be conducted to Tsin Sing, where the treaties could be exchanged, and after that he would be escorted to Peking, there to deliver the President's letter to the Emperor in person. It gave Governor-General Hung great pleasure to be polite to the Americans, their bearing had always been so friendly.

"The foregoing is what 'table talk' tells that it contained, and the same authority says that Friday, the 8th, is the day appointed for the interview. I shall know better what to think of this very strange letter after I have been to Peking. The English Minister and several of the squadron returned to Shanghai to day."

THE SONG OF TO-MORROW.

THERE'S a To-morrow for all of us—

'Tis the next hour of to-day—

The son of his father, the Present,

Who never one instant will stay;

But who snatching one glance at his children,

In silence then hurries away.

A kneeling boy with his curling locks

Basks 'neath his mother's eye;

With a childish lip he is hissing o'er

A prayer to Him on High!

There is only a whisper's space between

Childhood and Deity.

To-morrow to him is a thing of life,

Of life, and flowers and play;

To-morrow to him is a golden joy,

A blithesome holiday—

He wakes, and he leaps upon Nature's lap,

And he gambols the hours away.

There's a crouching man, with a reeking hand,

Who bends o'er a bleeding form,

And with bloodshot eye he is gazing on

The wreck of his passion's storm;

For he has taken within his writhing soul

The sting of the deathless worm!

The present to him is a horrible dream—

To-morrow's a wild despair—

For her death-shriek rings in his haunted ear,

And peoples the spectral air:

Can it be that the murderer grim has been

A child once good and fair?

To-morrow's a thicket of thistles—

To-morrow's a garden of flowers—

A sunny boat in a sylvan lake,

A vault in sepulchral towers!

A smiling angel—a glaring fiend—

Is this To-morrow of ours!

To-morrow—To-morrow's the heaven of love—

To-morrow's the hell of state—

And 'tis we who mould our destiny,

Be it good, bad, small or great—

For each man holds in his own right hand

The mystery of his fate!

THE STORY OF AN OLD UNLUCKY HOUSE.

PART THE SECOND.—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WILLIAM NEVILLE had indeed redeemed his oath, and in a manner that lent a grace to his act of generosity. Not until he had been away some days was the packet he had deposited in his brother's hands, with the strict injunction that it should not be opened until the expiration of a certain interval, really examined. Then the extent of his self-sacrifice was realized—then were blessings called down upon him whithersoever he might wander.

The brother, Hastings, with his wife, had a desire to travel as soon after the elder Neville's death as fashion would permit. The mother urged no objection, although she positively refused to accompany the newly wedded; her home, therefore, she very correctly judged to be the old house, where she had lived so many happy years, and where she would be so near the resting place of her husband.

France was the first point at which the tourists would stop for any time. Paris, the capital of that interesting country, has been for many years the centre of attraction for travellers, come they whence they may. In Paris, Hastings and his wife remained six months, and led a happy life. Mixing in the gayest assemblies, and becoming acquainted with the most distinguished people, it cannot be wondered at—especially when it is remembered that the age of which we write was one that encouraged an elegant laxity as an essential to the fashionable man or woman—if a portion of the simplicity or rusticity, as some would have called it, that had characterized Hastings and Maud at home, were away by imperceptible degrees. Our young friends saw everything, patronized everything. In those days gaming was very fashionable in Paris. The circumstance, though trivial in itself, is worthy of record here, as it will be found to bear very much upon events we shall have to relate in the course of this history. We may also mention, incidentally, the close acquaintance cemented between the young English couple and a certain Count Lamoiselles, a French noble, a widower, very rich, and a constant frequenter of the saloons. This Lamoiselles had a son, some twelve years of age, who was almost as *au fait* at the cards and the dice as his sire. The boy was of singular aspect and manners, with a swarthy complexion, beetle brows, and black hair curling closely to the head, taciturn, and many people thought ill-tempered, but undoubtedly the chief object of the count's affections, and destined, at some future day, to throw for high stakes. We may observe that the sentiments entertained towards this boy by Hastings Neville and his wife were mixed and undefinable. They could not help contemplating him sometimes very steadfastly, nor of thinking of him while absent; why they were at a loss to divine!

A year had elapsed since the Nevilles' departure from home. In that interval they had visited France, Spain, the Low Countries, Germany, and Italy, and were repairing to Rome, prior to their return, by direct route, to the place where they set out. They had had enough of pleasure, as it is called, and were anxious for quieter scenes than those they had passed through of late. Another consideration: Maud had presented signs of approaching maternity, and Hastings, sharing a very pardonable prejudice, was solicitous that his children should be born in the land in which his sires had flourished for five centuries or more.

By easy and regular stages the travellers reached their old home at last. The best of welcomes awaited them there, and news from William as well.

In a few weeks at farthest, it was supposed, Maud would become a mother—a grand event in the small world of which she was the bright, particular star, and in prospect of which much was said, a thousand high hopes were entertained, and, possibly, one dread, by whom we shall endeavor to discover by and by.

Meanwhile, our attention is called away to the far region whither William Neville had departed.

There, one among several beautiful objects—and decidedly the most beautiful—that lend animation and interest to the rich Indian scene, we distinguish the queen-like Araza, daughter of a native chief. Was ever beauty more magnificently impersonated? A skin in color like the gold found in the earth she treads, but far more rosy; hair black as the raven's wing, silken of texture, and of an amplitude that, were it loosened from those gemmed bands by which it is secured, would envelop the entire person; eyes that are living globes of fire in a pearly setting; lips, from their configuration and luxuriant hue, suggestive of some delicious fruit's pulp; with other features regular and delicate as ever were those of a Grecian statue. A figure, too, pliant, though developed to that nice point

beyond which strict criticism might object to sensuality of outline. Such had Araza been made by nature. Art—albeit, the art of the savage—had not neglected to second the good work of her elder sister. A garment, woven of a fine tissue, covered half the form of Araza; golden threads ran through it, and a golden zone, gemmed like the golden circle round her head, fastened the garment at her waist. Ornaments of the precious metals were also in her ears, and around her neck and ankles. Otherwise, those parts were quite bare, and the feet would have been so had they not been protected by small sandals.

Sitting somewhat apart from her companions, not through pride of place, but because she is in communion with herself, Araza, by her present action, is testifying to the universality, even in its forms, of the passion which all poets have declared to be universal in itself, and some of whose doubts and fears the Indian maiden has already realised, although it would be hazardous for us to say what amount, if any, of its joy she will be spared to know. The English Rosamond in her bower, the Scottish Mary in her palace halls, the German Margaret in her quiet, humble home—minstrels have so sung—sought to know whether each was beloved where she loved. Lo! a savage Indian maiden is doing the same, by consulting the same oracle—a flower! But, poor Araza, you are not loved where you would be loved. Those passionate gesticulations, those tearful eyes tell your story too truly.

It is not on account of one of her own people that the beautiful Araza grieves. No, it is the stranger with the pale face, and the kind and quiet smile who has won her heart, but who, it would seem, is insensible to her witchery, so captivating to many a young brave, with an eagle eye and a red skin—to one especially, who, at the moment she is pondering over her griefs, is nursing his, with hopes of vengeance conjoined.

Unknown to himself, William Neville was the object of this love and this vengeance. He had landed near the settlement of Araza's father, who, accustomed to the pale faces of late, had received our adventurer with his usual kindness, had invited him to his dwelling, and had sworn faith and friendship to him. Pleased with his reception and with all the Indians with whom he was made acquainted, the stranger felt no desire for change, nor did he pause to contemplate what course it would be best for him to pursue. Perhaps, had he been more in the custom of analyzing his feelings, he would, in these, his inactive hours, have pondered a little, and then come to the conclusion that, after all, his intentions of leading the usual emigrant life had never been thoroughly based; that, had it not been for the disappointment in his affections, he would not have crossed the ocean; and that, now he had reached the new land, its shores might or might not sparkle with gold or gems for aught he cared or for aught he should endeavor in the relation. He had seen Araza, thought her very lovely, and wished her well. The time had been when he could have loved her. Could that time ever be recalled? Nobody put the question, and if anybody had, doubtless the reply of William Neville would have been in the negative.

Many were the wanderings the fair Araza had on her native plains and in her native woods; deep the cogitations of her mind, as the one great principle of her life became unfolded to her. Profoundly as she loved, she little hoped; and pride being a signal trait of her mind, strong was her resolve to yield no sign of her misplaced passion. She would confine it to herself, and assume, as well as she could, a mood far from that she realized. At times, however, and then only transiently, the thought would arise, that some way might be found to make the pale-faced stranger love her—by solicitude for his welfare, by watching over him in the hour of trial, should it ever come to him, even by suffering borne for him. But where were the opportunities for these to be sought? The Indian girl knew not, and shook her head as the possibility so ardently longed for faded from her heart.

She avoided the presence of Neville as much as she could, and on all those occasions when it would have been most likely for him to meet her. Nevertheless, she often saw him, and was in his track, unknown and unsuspected, one evening in a hundred, when he had been out many hours, and had also been diverted from his tent. The excitement of an Indian chase had been his lure, and he had joined in the sport with all his spirits excited to the utmost stretch. He had had many companions among the Indians, with whom he had remained the greater portion of the day, but from whom he had been accidentally separated on the return home. Araza knew the path her lover would have to traverse, and lingered about it anxiously—her only happiness being comprised in seeing him, her only care being that she should herself remain unseen.

The ground Neville would have to traverse on his return to the settlement, favored the Indian girl's intent. Parts of it were dotted by rocky fragments and miniature forests, and so near were these to each other, that it would have been strange, using the precaution Araza did, had William caught the slightest glimpse of her. Hours that, with her heart more at ease, would have flown past like moments, but which now seemed protracted to threefold their proper limits, found the poor girl at her vigils. At last the expected figure came in sight.

It was identified immediately—not by Araza alone—another had been awaiting the approach of William Neville, anxiously perhaps as the love-lorn maiden, but with feelings how different.

They were those of hate, deep and implacable, and he who nursed them was an Indian who had been companioned with Neville in the chase, and had preconceived the latter's separation from the aboriginals, many of them entertaining sentiments of friendship towards him. Prostrate on the grass lay the Indian, well sheltered by that and some thick underbrush growing about there, from the observation of any new loiterer; his eye direct on the path the stranger would tread, that eye unwinking, and the breath issuing heavily through his lips, while a bow and arrow, both of the peculiar formation known to the red man, reposed ready for use by the side of the watcher. No bow could carry farther or stronger than that; no quiver held arrows more sure of aim or more fatal than the quiver of Korok, the disappointed lover of the beautiful Araza.

Nearer and nearer comes the stranger, and less recumbent is the form of the Indian. Presently he takes the arrow from the ground, then places it aright and then raises his bow to the proper elevation. There, close to the heart, it is the desire of Korok that his shaft should fix itself, but let it touch where it may it must kill, for has not its point been steeped in poison!

Availing ourselves of the usual licence accorded to romancists, we cross the ocean in a moment's flight, and leave warm Indian skies for those less fervent, though still beautiful and genial, canopied by the old house, thousand of miles away.

There is revel there, just as there was no great time since, and the song and the laugh and hearts beating high in exultation. The hour of Maud's travail is near, and the popular surety is that she will pass it joyfully and well. But there are doubters, the chief being she who doubted before, and whose words then, on the general happiness of the day, were like the premonitory black clouds on the else unclouded bosom of the heavens, which presently they entirely covered.

Old Margery, still on her way to the hundred years she had so often intimated to her friends it was her determination to attain, was the carper. Sharing the same shelter and protection that had ever been extended to her, rocking herself in the same chair it seemed, and drinking from the same bowl, filled as usual on holiday occasions with spiced cordial, the beldam insisted on having her "say." That, as we have already implied, ran contrary to the general current; nevertheless, it was good-naturedly tolerated, although at no remote antecedent date some of her mumblings had been verified.

Margery, like many prophets, and all gossips, based her talk upon the past. Out of the several dark things she had foretold to the house that had sheltered her, not one could be quoted that had not been the old woman's conclusion from what had already transpired. Her words on the night of the elder Neville's death afforded evidence of this. The same also might have been said of her words on the occasion we have to describe. A young wife in the Neville family, many years ago, had died in giving birth to her first child, a girl; consequently, for the lady now in her moments of pain too many hopes ought not to be entertained. In fact (so old Margery might as well have said boldly), the young wife of Hastings was pre-ordained for the grave, and the infant she would produce would be a girl! It was to be hoped that one of these foreshadowings would be falsified. It is true the sympathies of the people in and about the house ran strangely in favor of a male heir; nevertheless, a girl would be acceptable—good and beautiful like her mother, as she would be of course, concluded the gossips.

Here, in relation to one branch of the Neville family, we come to a crisis, imminent and perhaps as important as the crisis we have had to describe in relation to another.

Afar away in the western land, it was William Neville whose life

lay on the chances of an arrow discharged by an Indian in ambush. Here, in the ancient ancestral home, it was two lives—the life in as much danger as the distant brother's, and the life yet to exhale its first faint breath in the world. What a coincidence for old Margery had she known all! What a coincidence, we might think, for any one, had it been known that these conjoined perils were contemporaneous to the moment!

We trim the wing of fancy once again, and pass an interval of time and space.

Another type of the universal, viewed in the cottage of an Indian chief! On a couch, soft and well spread, reposes the figure of a man very worn and pale. He sleeps, and by his side, on her knees, with her arms against the couch, is a woman. Her looks also are worn and pale, but there is no sleep in her eyes. Silent and anxious is she, and untiring in her vigil, that began early and will be continued until very late.

The names of these two persons will have been already surmised. William Neville, the stranger from the Old World, and Araza, the beautiful Indian girl.

The arrow intended to poison the heart's blood of the European had glanced aside and struck him in another part of the body. But death was still inevitable, it will be thought, for had not the arrow of Korok been poisoned?

It had; and death would have ensued had not one been near to lend her aid, and to imperil her own existence in the labor of love. Araza saw all, and quick to the rescue of the stranger, was already busy in her endeavors ere he had awakened from the shock of the moment, or the would-be assassin Korok, satisfied that his shaft had pierced his enemy's body, and assured that it had touched the right place, came to a pause, the more necessary from the speed of his flight than from the distance he had covered. Why this flight, and why he did not cast one look behind, we do not pretend to determine. He deemed the stranger dead, and very likely was satisfied in the thought.

Another type of the universal! There, on that Indian ground, on which lies a wounded man, and over him kneels an anxious woman, extracting with her own lips the poisoned blood from his wound. Thus, in ancient days, did Queen Eleanor act towards the heroic Edward, at whose regal heart the infidel had aimed an arrow, supposed fatal as that of Korok. Yet in both cases the heroines were saved, although much endangered—the queen, by what process we do not remember; Araza by carefully discharging the poison from her mouth, and the constant resort to a spring of cold water and an aromatic herb, the secret of whose preparation had been imparted to her by her own mother.

Slowly did William Neville recover, and often were the hopes and fears for him even balanced. In the interval he had no nurse save Araza, though many kind visitors, the old chieftain among the number. Of course Neville knew that his life had been attempted—by whom or for what he was at a loss to imagine. He also knew that Araza had saved him, and gratitude welled up from his heart. Still, the beautiful Indian maiden was constant in her vigils, present ever, morning, noon and night. Sometimes, towards the latter, when the moon and the stars gemmed the profound azure, the air breathed low and balmy, and the atmosphere itself seemed to have melted into transparency from gold—sometimes, we say, during such seasons of rest as these, would the questions of loving, wooing, marrying Araza be suggested to Neville. He could not answer them then; perhaps the news he would soon receive from home would guide him.

Meanwhile, suspicion regarding the identity of the intending murderer took the right direction. Araza had guessed from the first, and with others was convinced when the flight of Korok, in company with several of his old associates, seduced, it appeared by him, from their allegiance to their chieftain, was announced.

"News from home!"

How welcome were the words to William Neville! He had already received some; others had but just arrived.

The child born to Hastings and Maud was a girl—beautiful, and as like its mother as people had prophesied it would be. And the travail of the young wife, too, had been less acute than, viewing her youth and the circumstance of its being her first child, it would only have been reasonable to apprehend.

Therefore rejoicings were plentiful on the Neville domain, and the old house was once again lighted up as it never had been since the night that saw a wedding and a death beneath its roof. And people shouted, and bonfires were lighted, and church bells were rung merrily, and the love cup was freely circulated.

But suddenly there came a pause, and sighs and sounds in and about the old house different to those that had marked the yesterday—low whispers, soft treadings and solemn looks. From the windows no more lights, but behind them curtains folded carefully, to exclude the sunshine; in every chamber gloom, where so late all had been joy and preparation; preparation still—but for the grave!

The child lived, but the mother was dead!

Dead! and very white, too, on the bed whence she would have to be taken and placed in her coffin, preparatory to her final rest in the vault of her husband's ancestors. As yet, no sign save the firmly closed eyes and lips spoke of mortality. Otherwise, the young mother looked beautiful as ever—perhaps more so, for on some who die there rests an angel calm not of this world. But it rested not long on the wife of Hastings Neville; and in a few days the most devoted of her friends would have aspired only one wish, so far as all that was mortal about her was regarded—that earth should be given to earth with all decent dispatch.

It was a long time ere the old house returned to even a semblance of its former aspect. A widower, Hastings Neville conceived it would be best for him to travel for a while; leaving the care of his infant daughter to his mother, whose life, judging from appearances, promised more years yet, and who, bereaved as she had been in so many respects, was willing to accept the charge. Hastings quitted the house, with no definite idea of how long he should remain absent—only determined, in fact, to revisit the places he had resided in a few months since with his wife. France was now, as it had been then, the first point of anything like continued stay. In Paris he met many a familiar face, but not the faces of which he had thought very frequently and very earnestly—those of the Count Lamoiselles and his son. Sooth to say, one he would never gaze on again; the other—but time enough for that!

The mother of the brothers made it her business to apprise William of the events that had transpired under the old roof; but it was not until six months had been counted from the day of Maud's death that the packet from home was placed in the proper hands; the voyage of the ship having been stormy and protracted.

Deep and sincere was the grief of William Neville on hearing of all that had occurred. But quite apart from the sorrow he felt, those tidings had an effect it might have been supposed they would not have had, judged in connection with the circumstances of the emigrant's departure from his native land and relinquishment of the rights of inheritance. A daughter had been born to his brother, who might never marry again, and, if he did, never become the father of a son; in which case, and William Hastings' death, the broad lands of Neville Manor would lapse either to the Crown or to a race that did not bear the name.

That was the contingency on one side. On the other, it was the descent of the family honors and wealth to the offspring of William. It is true that the elder brother had relinquished his own right in favor of the younger; but the right of those who were to come after he could not barter. All this passed through his mind, and called the frequent words to his lips—"Araza," "escape from death," "my rescuer," "my tender," "gratitude," "love." Yes, the problem was solved; William Neville loved the Indian maiden, and was resolved to ask her in marriage of her father!

He did so, and the desired consent was given. Thenceforth to the day of his union was not a very long interval; for among races who have not relinquished all their primeval simplicity, the formalities of more civilized life are unknown. Here, in this warm and blushing clime, no stated period had to be appropriated to such or such an object. Hearts once given, faith once ratified by mutual vows, and these sanctioned by parental consent, the final ceremony might take place on the morrow.

It did so with William Neville and his chosen Araza, both of whom on the evening succeeding their nuptials (so unlike the nuptials of which the old house, thousands of miles away, had been the scene not many months ago) loitered in the neighborhood of their home, and felt themselves of what they saw a portion and a part. The moon looked placidly down on them, and the murmur of the distant ocean broke upon their ear. That ocean was the boundary of Araza's home, love and hope.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO IRVING PARK, TARRYTOWN.

A VISIT TO IRVING PARK, TARRYTOWN.

THERE are many men now in New York who can recollect when the City Hall was situated up town, and the speculators who, in those days, paid large sums for lots and built large stores still further north, were laughed at for their supposed folly. But the progress of time has shown their wisdom, and every year rolling on shows the increasing northward tendency.

Under the influence of the same "manifest destiny," the east bank of the Hudson for twenty or thirty miles above the city is rapidly filling up with the country homes of our business men; and Tarrytown, which was once a long way off, is now a favorite suburb of the metropolis. A more eligible point for such a park as we are about to describe could not be found within the same distance from the city in any direction. Having heard much about this locality, we paid it a visit, and give our readers the result of our observations.

Among the interesting features of that region are its picturesque scenery, its historic and legendary associations, its salubrity of climate and easy access from the city. When to these are added the attractions of a park

tion of New Jersey and several counties of his own State, taking in many miles of the Hudson, with a view of Stony Point light-house, and the Croton vineyards, as well as half a score of towns and vil-

lages on the banks of the river. He can also look out upon the country seats of many well-known citizens, among whom may be mentioned Hon. A. C. Kingland, General J. W. Webb, Mrs. Anson G. Phelps, Washington Irving, Rev. Dr. Creighton, Rev. E. N. Mead, Messrs. Bartlett, Anderson, Beckman, Perry, Pond, Brown, Wilson, Herrick, Cobb, Smith, Benedict, Paulding, Childs, Dudley, Corlies, Hoge, Grinnell, &c.

Distribution of the Grounds.
The proportion of these grounds reserved for park purposes, and to be used in common by all the occupants, amounts to nearly one half the entire property. It embraces an extensive range of thickly shaded ground along the Pocantico on the west, a highly picturesque tract nearly as large,

descending into Sleepy Hollow on the east, as well as half a score of smaller sections of open ground, distributed through the interior at the intersections of the drives and avenues, together with the

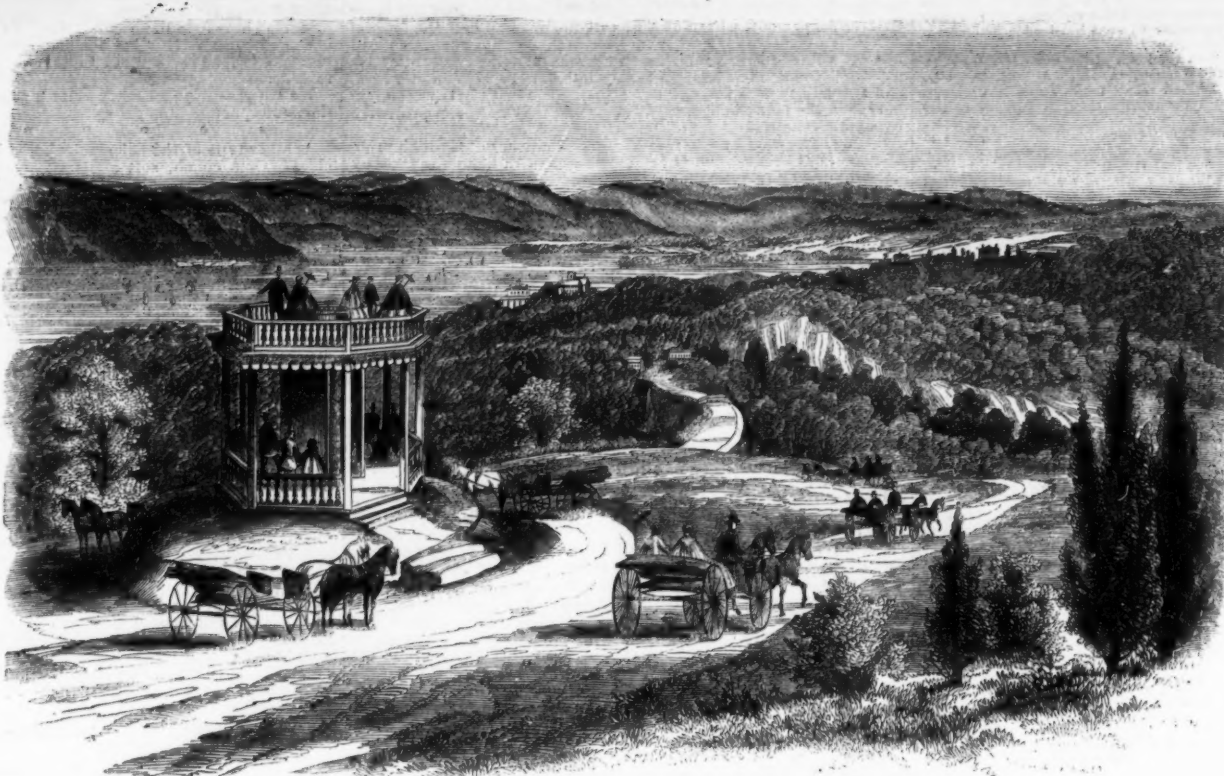
THE BOURBON DYNASTY IN DANGER.—The ex-royal family of France have fallen into trouble—travel trouble—in Ireland. We are told by an Irish contemporary that a party, including the Duke and Duchess

entire range of avenues and drives by which the various and remote portions of the property are connected, and made easily accessible.

Improvements conveyed with the Park.

To the purchasers of this property the proprietor conveys not merely the land composing the park, but along with it the entire improvements, including the entrance lodges, gateways, pavilions, &c., as well as the planting, road-making, and other improvements, in which he has employed several years at a very considerable pecuniary outlay.

In conclusion, we think that our merchants and business men are much indebted to the proprietor, Mr. Lyon, for the opportunity here afforded them of acquiring the advantages and enjoyments of a large country estate at an outlay comparatively very moderate; and we are pleased to learn that a wide interest is felt in this enterprise, and that building sites in Irving Park are eagerly inquired after.



IRVING PARK—NORTH VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT NEAR THE PAVILION.



IRVING PARK—LOWER ENTRANCE.



IRVING PARK—WEST VIEW, FROM UPLAND TERRACE, ON THE SOUTH DRIVE.

of unrivalled beauty, we think we cannot render our readers a better service than to illustrate the subject for them.

The property embraces about one hundred acres, lying on the verge of Sleepy Hollow, and sloping westward towards the Hudson. Its western border is washed by the Pocantico, and is belted with a fine variety of forest trees.

At the main entrances are gate lodges, occupied by persons whose duty it is to keep the park grounds in order. The carriage drives and footwalks are of several miles in extent, embracing a variety of scenery not surpassed by anything in this country.

On either side of the principal drives are villa sites, varying in extent from one or two acres to six or eight. To the purchasers of these sites are guaranteed all the rights and privileges of the park. The peculiar feature of this arrangement is, that the owner of one or several acres becomes joint proprietor of an extensive domain. His premises reach from the valley of the Pocantico into the bosom of Sleepy Hollow.

From the piazza of his dwelling his eye can range over a por-

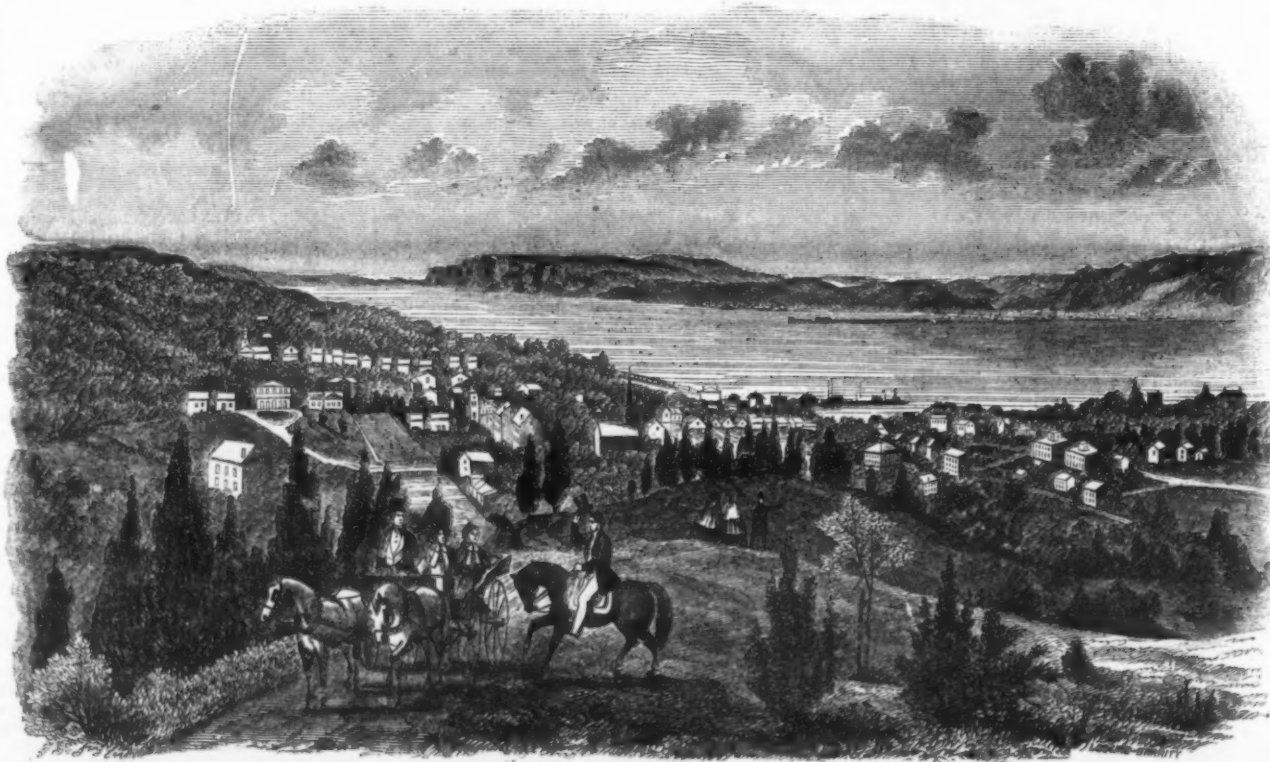
tion of New Jersey and several counties of his own State, taking in many miles of the Hudson, with a view of Stony Point light-house, and the Croton vineyards, as well as half a score of towns and vil-

d'Aumale, Count de Paris, the Prince de Conde and Lord A. Vane Tempest, lately visited the Giant's Causeway; and in returning to Ballycastle, the postillions, being English, instead of taking the new

line of road over the Glens Mountain, took the coast road, through Cushlake and Torr, which had never been travelled by a coach and four horses before. It is nothing short of a miracle that they ever reached Ballycastle in safety. The road was one tremendous hill after another, exceedingly bad, besides not broad enough in some places for the carriage, with hardly any fence along it, and for five miles it was a continuation of abrupt windings most dangerous to pass, where a horse and cart would find difficulty—where, if any one of the horses had made the slightest bolt or stumble, the whole party would have been pitched headlong into the sea.

THE GALE ON THE LAKES.—The steamer *Islander* is reported to have been wrecked on Lake Huron; crew and passengers saved.

On the morning of Oct. 21, four of the powder mills at Wilmington exploded; seven persons and one horse were killed.



IRVING PARK—SOUTH VIEW FROM THE PAVILION.



IRVING PARK—UPPER ENTRANCE.

"Glad to see you, marquis," replied the Englishman, with what sounded very like an affectation of bluntness.

But Frank Wilton was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice this.

"A friend of yours?" said the marquis, nodding.

"Lieut. Frank Wilton," replied Stephen, "just returned from Canada. Wilton, this is our friend, the Marquis de Longchamps, the prince of good fellows, and whom it is an honor to know."

"Tush! tush! a truce with compliments. You know I am the last man to believe in them. What are you going to do with yourselves? I am at your orders."

"Anything and everything you please," said Stephen, gaily.

"Well," replied



IRVING PARK—VIEW ON THE POCANTICO, NEAR THE SOUTH END OF WEST PARK.

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy St. John.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAN is fallible. This is specially true in the early stages of existence, before experience and the rude lessons of the world teach us wisdom.

Frank Wilton, instead of manfully breasting the difficulties which stood in his path, gave way to despair. He had reached Paris full of the highest hopes, he was now cast down to the very depths of disappointment.

Besides, had not the girl of his heart left in company with some rival, and were not his hopes for ever extinguished?

"Be a man," said Adelaide, gently; "it is weakness to give way thus."

"Mrs. Lechmere," replied Frank, with every mark of the deepest dejection of spirits, "you know not what it is to set your whole soul on one object in life, to have but one guiding star in the future, to look forward for days, weeks, months, but with one idea to rear one-self upon a pinnacle of human happiness, and then to be cast down utterly."

"There are other women in the world," said Adelaide, soothingly.

"Tell the mother who has lost her first born that there are other children," replied Frank, bitterly, "and see if that will comfort her."

"Girls of Florence's age seldom know their own minds," said Adelaide, in continuation, with something of a sneer. "I will not, cannot believe her false or fickle," cried Frank, energetically; "and why torture me thus? Let us speak of anything else."

"What say you to a stroll," replied Stephen de Lacy, carelessly. He had been listening with a saturnine smile.

"Anything," said Frank, snatching up his hat, "but quiet. Take me where you will."

And without a glance at Adelaide, he rushed out of the hotel.

They took their way along the Boulevards. It was already night, and the street lamps but feebly lit up a scene of unexampled activity and bustle, illumined by the glare of light from innumerable shops of the most brilliant character.

People have compared the Boulevards to the New Road. Never was a more absurd suggestion. Take that metropolitan thoroughfare in its very best part, remove the front gardens, give a pavement nearly thirty feet wide on each side, with a carriage road nearly a hundred, change the dingy, smoke-dried houses in London to stone-built palaces, in some instances seven stories high, change the parlor fronts into superb shops, glittering with jewels and toys, and gaudy furniture, and fairy-looking sweets, scarce tangible for mortal eating, instead of gin and beer shops, have *cafés*, perfectly oriental in their splendor, and even then you will have little idea of the scene without personal inspection.

The local coloring, too, is everything. On the occasion described the whole pavement not taken up by chairs and tables, near which lounge *elegantis* sipping orgeat, absinthe and coffee, is crowded by the vivacious population of France, with their fifty dialects, while here and there flitter gaudy Turks, grave Persians, Arabs of the desert, a stray Siamese, a wandering, goggle-eyed Chinaman, innumerable Americans, and still more innumerable English.

Of a summer's evening, just after the late French dinner hour, it is well worth the journey to see. We have nothing like it in London.

They were just passing the end of the Rue de la Paix when a man, elegantly dressed, with a little piece of red in his button hole, started back, and then advanced eagerly to meet them.

"*Le cher De Lacy*," he cried.



IRVING PARK—VIEW ON THE POCANTICO FROM THE NORTH END OF WEST PARK.

the marquis, who spoke English with a very slight accent, and that accent, as Frank thought, slightly Hibernian, "what say you to the masked ball, and *après* Madame de Saintville's?"

"But introductions?"

"Are you not friends of mine?" said the marquis, with a shrug of the shoulders.

And as he spoke he unceremoniously placed himself between

them, and strolled up the Boulevards. It was too early to go to the opera, so they entered a *café*, where they had coffee and cigars, followed by a *boule de ponche*, which served to rouse Frank's spirits somewhat.

The marquis was amusing, and had considerable knowledge of the world. Frank, with his limited experience of society, was unable to detect some anomalies in his discourse, which seemed to hint at his being more familiar with the jockey club and its hangers-on than with the more refined classes of society; but it was quite clear his acquaintance was extensive and included many men of distinction and note.

The young officer was somewhat dazzled, and when they rose to adjourn to the opera, expressed his great obligation to Stephen de Lacy for introducing him to so invaluable a cicerone.

"To-night," said the marquis, bowing and smiling, "I introduce you only to the outskirts of society. At the masked ball you will see the outside of Paris life; at Madame de Saintville's you will make acquaintance with the *demi-monde*—it is delightfully amusing."

Now Frank did not know that the *demi-monde* was in fact nothing else than a peculiar society made up of male and female sharpers, gamblers and *femmes gâchées*, who preyed upon the unwary—a society where no respectable women were to be found, and no respectable men, save the weak dupes upon whom the others preyed. It was the old story of the spider, the cobweb and the flies.

He therefore bowed his thanks, and to the opera they went, after procuring tickets.

Who among the votaries of pleasure but has once, at least, in his life revelled in the luxury of a masked ball?

And yet who can fully describe it? Look at the myriad lights that shine down from roof and wall upon the boiling, seething mass below, like the stars of heaven upon a battle field. See the thousand and one votaries of pleasure whirling, twirling, laughing, joking, their eyes sparkling with excitement, or, quite as often, dull with ennui. Here behold a *bayadère*, in a more questionable

costume, making sheep's eyes at a monk with a protuberant nasal organ or a pug nose, blacked little *débardeur* in loose trousers with large pockets, containing his hands, and a natty jacket, sliding up to an awkward attempt at Henry IV. The women with legs, arms, bosoms exposed as much as possible, faces only concealed; the men either dressed in plain clothes, or, except in the case of the boisterous students and shop-boys, rather ashamed of their Monmouth street habiliments.

And then the grand crash of music, and the ceaseless jabber of the masks in every language known to civilized, and many to uncivilized, society.

Frank Wilton was literally stunned. It was to him entirely new.

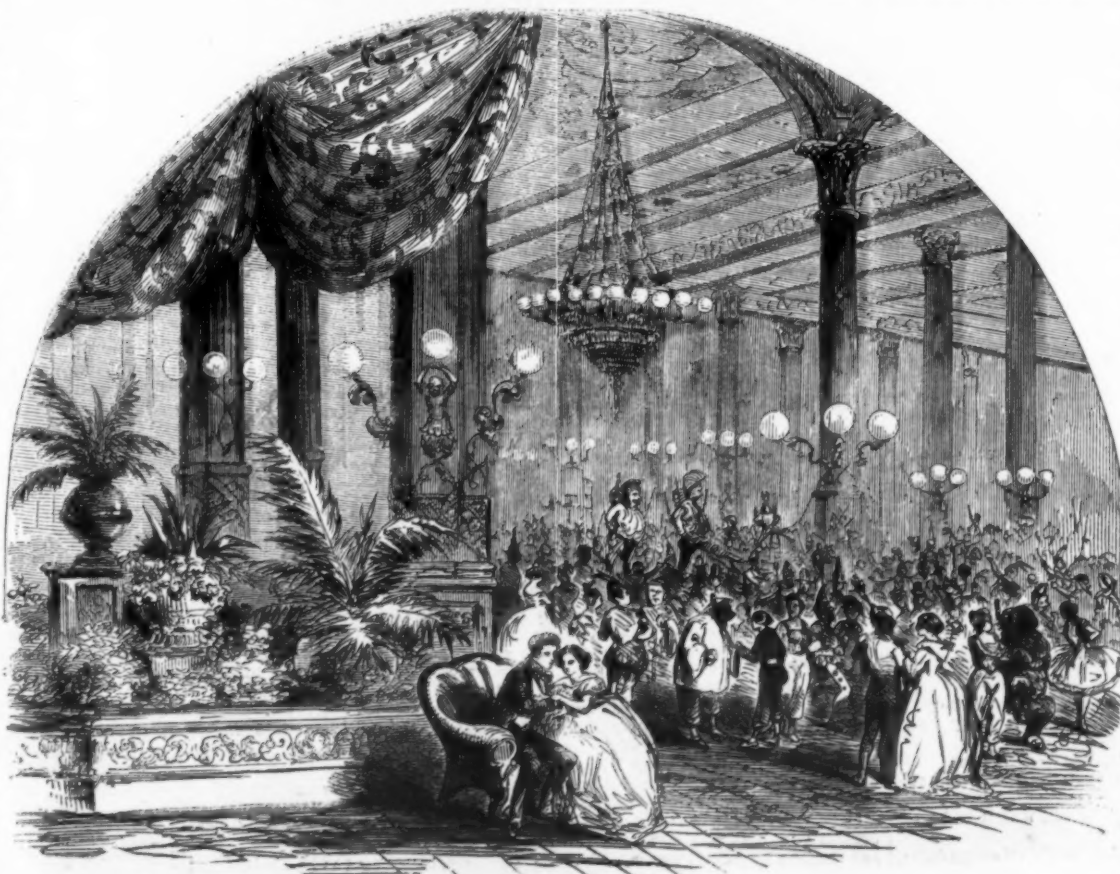
"Everybody for himself, *mon cher*," said the marquis, drawing Stephen away. "We meet in an hour here," and he pointed to the entrance of the *foyer*.

Frank Wilton was alone in the great crowd of pleasure-seekers. At once a sense of loneliness and languor came over him. One is never so solitary as in a crowd, where nobody cares to inquire who you are, or would care if you were married, hanged, or raised to the peerage the next minute. Frank felt it peculiarly that evening. Was it a shadow of coming ill, a foreboding of the sorrow and shame the fatal night's events were to be the precursor of?

There was a vacant seat close at hand. He seated himself.

The wild scene around him vanished as if by magic, and then he was far away in the shrubbery of Ashhurst House, wandering side by side with his beloved Florence.

Suddenly he was brought to a recollection of his being in Paris by a sigh close at hand. He turned, and saw the eyes of a slight, elegant domino fixed upon him. There was nothing visible of her but a pair of blue, languishing and most expressive eyes, and a little hand encased in a white glove.



FLORENCE DE LACY—THE BAL MASQUÉ.

"Monsieur is sad," she said, in a voice so argentine, so sympathetic and so kind, that it sank to the very depths of his heart; "why then are you here?"

"I don't know," replied Frank, quickly; "I was brought here."

His excellent education and a little practice in Canada now proved useful to him. She spoke, of course, in French.

"But you are alone."

"My friends have left me," he replied, "and as, frankly, this is my first masked ball, and I have not known how to amuse myself, I sat down here."

"Indeed! Our situations are the same; my friends have left me, and here I am. Until our guardians appear, let us amuse ourselves together."

He saw the wavy, golden curls now, curls of surpassing loveliness, he heard the entrancing voice of the charmer, and he rose and offered his arm. Strange that it struck him she was very like his beloved Florence.

"Well, I never!" said a voice near him; "if there ain't Miss Robinson with the young Lieutenant Wilton. I thought she had run away to some purpose."

Now Frank would have willingly pulled the young coxcomb's ears—he at once recognized Master Peter Paulet—but then he had become that very instant the guardian of a charmer whose voice had entranced his very soul.

"Madame," he said, suddenly, "will you do me a great favor?"

"What is it?"

"Two Englishmen behind me have been making remarks derogatory to your beauty," said Frank, blushing at his own deceit; "will you oblige me by unmasking one moment?"

There was a little giggle, and then she threw back her cowl and took off her mask, just as Frank turned sharply round and confronted Peter.

Frank was boiling with rage, but his earnest desire to conceal the truth from his French companion made him speak calmly, though his words were cutting in the extreme.

"Sir," he said, "when boys venture into the society of men, they should learn to curb their tongues. You perceive that you have told a falsehood. If the term appears harsh, there is my card. I am ready and willing to give you any satisfaction you think proper."

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Peter, turning pale and red by turns; among his gentlemanly vices, courage was not conspicuous, even in a bad cause. "I made a mistake. I am very sorry."

With a curl of the lip Frank turned away. He noticed that his companion, who had resumed her mask, trembled on his arm.

He was scarcely less agitated himself. It had been only for one instant, but he had seen a vision of beauty which had sunk to his very soul.

He could not have described it, so evanescent had been the glance; neither shall we. Other opportunities will be afforded us.

"You appear agitated," said Frank, in a husky tone.

"I am; I take an interest in you. Why did you give that young man your card?" she said, in a voice, whose melting sweetness made his heart beat wildly.

"Because he was impertinent. But there is no occasion for alarm. He apologized most amply, and the matter is at an end. But why this kind interest in a stranger?"

"I do not know. Probably we meet to-night for the first and last time. We are utter strangers."

"I hope and trust we shall meet again," cried Frank, earnestly.

"I have seen too much not to wish to know you better."

"She made no reply, but fixed her lovely eyes upon him curiously."

"You do not dance," she said abruptly, "and our time is short. Let us sit down yonder. Order some lemonade, that will secure us the seats."

Frank, we are very much afraid, pressed her little arm with his own, as his heart bounded to his throat. He was becoming intoxicated, fascinated, lost to everything but the excitement of the hour.

And the music sent forth its melting peals, attuning the soul to voluptuous thoughts, and the merry laughter of the crowd sounded almost sacrilegious in its vulgarity.

They were side by side. She had moved her mask one minute, and as quickly replaced it; but he had caught sight once more of those carnation lips, and wild thoughts began to course through his imagination.

He called for champagne, and drank it too; the lady, with a smile, just wetting her lips from time to time.

And then they began to talk, not of Shakespeare and the musical glasses, nor of politics, nor of fashion, but boldly and openly of passion, of love, of sudden fancies, of fatality, and all the wild, mad-brained thoughts which gnaw at the heart, when ill-advised thoughts of affection are germinating in the soul.

Frank was eloquent, as he had never been before, but his was a broad manly, open definition of irresistible love. She spoke in low, hushed accents of melting tenderness of the cruel fate of woman, doomed eternally to be sacrificed on the altar of interest or power.

She spoke with great feeling. Her heart was evidently stirred within her, and now and then a tear dropped upon her little hand.

He took it within his own and pressed it tenderly.

She did not take it away, and a silence ensued, a silence most expressive, most dangerous.

Frank was boiling over with passion. His eyes flashed fire—he forgot everything—father—mother—Florence, his position in society—where he was—all, save her, whose very name he did not know, and whom he had met at a masked ball!

"Lady, my heart is all yours. I love you from my soul," he murmured, clasping her tiny, ungloved hand—the champagne had rendered its removal necessary—in his two hands.

"We should have met before," she answered, huskily, "or not at all. This is mere idle folly. I must leave you now."

"You love another—married, perhaps," said Frank, with gloomy anxiety.

"I never did love," she answered, in accents actually choked by tears, "and I am not married."

"Then why—" he began.

"Not another word," she replied. "We shall meet again. When you know me better you will be wiser. At all events, I am not a woman to believe in the love of a man who has scarcely seen me, and who is excited by the scene and the wine. I confess you interest me much, but that is all. I must go."

"Where?" said Frank, mechanically.

"To Madame de Saintville's, where you certainly cannot accompany me."

Frank smiled ambiguously.

"Now, I will know what that smile means," she said, poutingly.

"I am going to Madame de Saintville's myself," he said.

"You would not dare?"

"I am invited."

"Invited or not invited," said the lady, "you cannot, must not go."

"Why not?" said the slightly sarcastic voice of the Marquis de Longchamps, who, with Stephen de Lacy, had been watching them for some considerable time.

A painter might have taken a hint for a picture of Mephistopheles watching Faust and Marguerite.

"Ah, is that you, Marquis? Well, because, your friend, I suppose he is so, has been making such desperate love to me in my mask, and what will he do when he sees my face?"

This was said with a dry flippancy that quite startled Frank.

"Be not alarmed. English people are notoriously cool and collected. Monsieur will be able to conceal his partiality."

"So I perceive," said the lady; "but go I must, if it is to be so, sans adieu."

And shaking hands with Frank, she glided by the other hurriedly, and disappeared.

"Who is she?" asked Frank.

"La belle Cecile, the most beautiful, eccentric and original of

Parisiennes. With a free and easy carriage, such as belongs to all the *femmes galantes*, no man has ever been known to boast of her favors. Living in a world of liberty and license, she is a miracle—a virtuous girl of eighteen, associating with the most dissolute of her sex!"

"But her position?"

"Cecile is an actress—that is, a *danseuse*—in this country a class who boast of very little virtue. Now, Cecile is the contrary of Basquine, and prides herself on her propriety of conduct."

Frank Wilton made no reply. He was very thoughtful.

The time, the place, the excitement of a novel scene, and some little, the wine he had drunk, are to be taken into consideration; the fascination and the singular beauty of the woman above all. However all this may be, and whether our readers excuse him or not, there can be but one thing to say, that he was wildly, passionately in love.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose love at first sight impossible. Who of a romantic spirit but remembers through life one face, never forgotten, though seen only once, which even years after makes the heart beat.

"Is it time to go to Madame de Saintville's?" said Frank, abruptly.

"Are you tired of this?" asked the marquis.

"Quite."

"Then let us go," continued the French nobleman.

Stephen de Lacy said nothing, but brought up the rear with a sarcastic smile upon his lips.

The night was magnificent, and in answer to a question Frank Wilton agreed to walk. His brow was heated, his imagination on fire. The cool air of the Boulevards could not but do him good.

He walked along in silence, his heart beating, however, with unusual violence.

Did not thought of the gentle and innocent Florence intrude upon his imagination?

It did; but with the sophistry of passion he reasoned that she had forgotten him, had shown herself fickle and ungenerous. She had never written to him once, and then who was this that had removed her from the respectable guardianship of Sir Peter Paulet?

Was he not justified, after this conduct on the part of the wilful girl of his heart, in turning away from her and seeking consolation in the love and affection of another?

There are none so deaf as those who will not hear—there are none so silent to the promptings of conscience as those who wish to deceive themselves. The young officer was hurrying on in pursuit of what something told him could be but an intrigue, and yet he could not check himself.

Passion had completely gained the upper hand over his usual correct view of the duties of an officer and a gentleman.

While vague presentiments of ill were passing through his brain, while burning thoughts of love and happiness were beating his soul, the goal was reached. His new friend halted before a *portecochère* of aristocratic pretensions.

He rang. The door opened as if by magic.

They ascended the stairs to the second floor, and here again the marquis rang with the assurance of a man who feels himself at home.

They were admitted to a hall of large dimensions, where, depositing their hats and cloaks, a folding door was thrown open, and the marquis and his friends announced.

But the scene which presented itself is worthy of a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Most of our readers have heard of, though few we suppose have visited those substitutes for gambling-houses which the ingenious and pleasure-loving Frenchmen have introduced in their capital to beguile and ensnare the unwary.

The open and unblushing iniquity of Frascati and C— has disappeared, but in its place a system has arisen quite as glaring and far more dangerous.

Every evening in the week, Sundays not excepted, some lady with a *de* at least to her name, when not a marchioness, countess, duchess, or princess, receives her friends without ceremony to spend the evening, play at cards, and what not, eat her supper and drink her champagne, for the trifling consideration of a per centage on the winnings when the house did not, as it generally did, constitute the bank.

To one of these houses had our young hero been introduced by his new acquaintance, with what views will probably be seen in the course of the present narrative.

At first it was difficult, so great was the blaze of light, for Frank Wilton to distinguish anything, but that a very showily-dressed woman, of about thirty-five years of age, came forward to welcome him, hoped he would recollect she was always at home of a Saturday, and then left him to look around and judge for himself.

There were several rooms open. The first was filled with small tables, at which persons sat playing at whist, *carté* and other games.

He passed into the second, and there a scene struck his eyes which he was not likely easily to forget.

Around a *rouge et noir* table, their eyes fixed upon the gambling implements, their thoughts wrapped up in the insidious chances of the game, sat some twenty men and women. The men were of all ages, from twenty to trembling seventy. The former were flushed with wine and excitement, while the latter convulsively clutched their gold and notes while peering through their spectacles to watch the turn of fortune. On all was set the seal of debauchery and vice, the sure accompaniment of gambling.

The women were all young and beautiful—a significant fact, which, with their costume, intended to display as much as possible of their personal beauties, struck Frank Wilton with a kind of chill.

It required but one look at their lustrous and voluptuous eyes to make the looker-on aware that they were the decoys to fill the cage, and that their profession was not that of vestals in the service of Diana.

They were all playing with an eagerness and zest which showed the hollowness and avariciousness of their natures. They sat near the younger and less experienced players, upon whom they fixed their eyes with a power irresistible to men excited by play, champagne and voluptuous thoughts. The result was easily seen.

When they won, they swiftly deposited the gold or notes in their purses. When they lost they appealed, generally successfully, to the generosity of the gallant whom they particularly monopolized.

After watching them for a minute or two, Frank looked anxiously around for her who principally occupied his thoughts.

She was on a sofa in a corner alone, and her eyes appeared fixed upon the players with a vacant air.

Frank Wilton was now able to appreciate to the full her remarkable beauty.

Tiny in height and size altogether, Cecile de Vaux was a perfect specimen of French loveliness. Perhaps no feature was in itself completely beautiful, but the parts together made up a whole so delicious, so fascinating, no man could gaze upon her unmoved.

Her hair fell in golden curls upon a neck as fair as a *babaster*, covering the sides of a somewhat low forehead; her eyebrows, thin and beautifully arched, were scarcely noticed, so quickly did the glance fall upon the long, sweeping eyelashes, and those deep blue eyes, swimming in a bath of liquid fire; her nose was slightly *retroussé*, her mouth small, with full, pouting, voluptuous lips; her chin a model such as never was successfully depicted by painter or sculptor.

Her dress was low, but not indelicately so, revealing the upper portion of a bust that made the fancy revel in the thought that had she, like Diana of Poitiers, or Pauline Borghese, have stood as model for a statue, the world would have gained another prize of perfect beauty.

Her foot and ankle, which the position she assumed on the sofa

revealed to advantage, like her little white, ungloved hand, were of themselves calculated to warm the heart of an anchorite.

Wilton's heart beat high, as, after greedily devouring every feature and form, he advanced and took his seat by her side.

"So you have come," she said, almost coldly.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because, unless you are used to this kind of thing, you have no business here," she said, in a low whisper.

"I never was in such a place before—but where am I?" he asked.

"In a private gambling-house," she said, quietly; "places winked at by the police, and to which no wise man, or woman either, comes twice."

"But why, then, are you here?" asked Frank, almost timidly.

"Monsieur le marquis has not omitted to tell you my profession," she said, looking down and pulling a small bunch of roses to pieces with her pearly fingers.

"He said you were an artist," replied Frank, in a low tone.

"But that might be *en cheveux*," said she, smiling.

"A *danseuse*, then?"

"Well, what society can I have but that of my fellow professionals, such as you see here?" was her bitter reply; "men of rank and fashion court our acquaintance, but ladies will not associate with us."

"It is most unjust," said Frank, warmly; "why should not a good and virtuous actress be received by any woman?"

"Good and virtuous," replied Cecile, slightly raising her eyebrows, and with a faint tinge of carnation on her pallid cheeks; "but the world believes in no such phenomena."

"The world is unjust—bitterly unjust," whispered Frank.

"I do not know. There is something in the atmosphere of the stage, especially amongst the ballet, which is terrible. I could tell you things would horrify your English notions. And then the world sets us all down as alike. It knows that we are beset with temptation, and it disallows the possibility of our resisting. Hence are we careless of appearances. Why do you not play?"

This question was put so abruptly, that Frank quite started.

He looked up ere replying, and saw the marquis and Stephen de Lacy standing at the door of the room, watching him with rather a peculiar smile.

He, however, glanced at them only for a moment, and then replied,

"I never play. Besides, I am so happy here that I would not play were I even a gambler."

"At your age," said Cecile, with a look of singular surprise, "to prefer the conversation of a woman to the excitement of gambling! I cannot understand it, *mon ami*."

"Who could think of cards with such a pair of eyes to read one's destiny in," began Frank Wilton.

"If you begin to be sentimental I must leave you," said Cecile, laughing. "Let us talk of yourself. What are you doing in Paris?"

Frank hesitated. Something told him that he should have answered, "I am here in search of her I love." But he dared not run the risk of shutting himself out from communion with the fairy being by his side.

"I am an officer, wounded, and on sick leave," replied Frank, smiling.

"*J'adore les militaires*," said Cecile, clasping her hands, but still surprised not to find the young officer that rather rough and uncourteous being so often met with in the armies of *la grande nation*.

There is nothing so puzzling to a Frenchman to understand as the fact of our young dandies, with an affected lisp, and effeminate style of dress, when awakened by the clarion's trump, becoming regular fire-eaters, and enduring fatigues, privations and sufferings supposed to be only suited to the most rough and hardy constitutions.

"Where have you served? Tell me the story of your campaign," she said gently.

Frank Wilton gladly commenced his narrative. He had seen enough of life to have an exciting story to tell. Now, nothing is more apt to enlist the sympathies and awaken the heart of a young man than a good listener, especially when that listener is a fair girl, with deep blue eyes and ruddy lips.

He told his story well, and when he came to the exciting events, during which he had run so much risk, in Canada, he thought himself well repaid for all his sufferings, when he saw the crystal tear drop from her sparkling eyes upon that snowy bosom, that heaved and throbbed with its suppressed emotion.

"So young, and so venturesome!" she said, with a tearful smile.

"Why your life has been like a dream."

"I fear me this is a dream," he whispered, as he took her hand, unresisting, in his own. "I am so very happy!"

"Words," she said, bitterly, "words, which I am but too used to hear."

"Not words," he fondly added; "feel my heart. Would that its secrets were laid bare to you as plainly as its beatings tell the tale. I love you heart and soul!"

"A love but two hours old can be worth but little," she replied.

"I have lived a life in this one night," said Frank; "in fact, I never knew what it was to love before."

"You are in earnest now. You have been accidentally thrown into the society of a pretty woman under rather romantic circumstances; your imagination is inflamed, you fancy everything; but were I to believe you, and expect to-morrow to find you in the same mind, I should be mistaken."

"Never. I feel I have given you my whole soul. I am a prisoner fluttering in a cage, and can never hope to get free."

"Hush! we are watched. Your friends, the marquis and that saturnine Englishman, are preparing a dose of satire for you. Give me your arm; if you decline the hazard table, we can find in the next room another table that may tempt you to sit down."

Frank Wilton gave his arm to Cecile de Vaux, and she led him through a door concealed by tapestry into the next apartment, where a superb collation, splendid wines, and every luxury was laid out, waiting the guests. None, however, were present, and Frank and Cecile sat down alone.

The young and eccentric *danseuse* forbade any more attempts at sentiment, under penalty of returning to the public room. Their conversation became then more general, but nevertheless piquant. Cecile possessed the usual fascinating qualities of a Parisienne accustomed to society. She had a fund of anecdote, much natural wit, and a keen sense of the ridiculous, all the more amusing that she wanted the excessive refinement of the very best society.

The men of the aristocracy saw no necessity for being very particular with a *danseuse*.

After some time, however, the capricious girl, the conversation having once more trenched upon the tender, rose from her seat, tossed off a glass of champagne, and approached an open window.

"The air is pleasant to-night," she said; "but it grows late. I don't think they will come to supper."

Frank followed her to the window, which opened on a balcony, filled with fragrant flowers, and, as she peered forth upon the court below, his arm stole round her taper waist, and was not repelled.

Both were silent. Maybe—who knows?—the germ of some strong and life-lasting passion was being born within them. They could not speak. An exquisite sense of happiness pervaded heart and soul. They were wrapped up as in a dream of love. His arm was round her waist, and she was pressed to his side. Her curls mixed with his dark brown hair; a glow of passion was in the very air they breathed. His lips at last, hesitatingly, rested on her white shoulder, and then hastily were withdrawn.

Love is very timid when it's new;
She blushed, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,
And held her tongue; her voice was grown so weak.

Emboldened by this, his arm came higher up, and turning her head gently towards him, their lips met in one long, burning kiss, which told him she was all his own.

(To be continued.)

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Italian question, and probable result of the Zurich Conference—The sidewalk of Paris—Beginning of the season at the Opera des Italiens; Vestvali's failure—The collecting mania; the collector of prints and his eccentric will; the man who has collected theatre programmes for fifty years; three-quarters of a ton of playbills—Richelieu's head—Fight with a wolf in the Jardin des Plantes—A lady's age.

PARIS, October 2, 1889.

By the time this letter reaches you, probably, the vexed Italian question will be settled. Within the last two days the many rumors that have circulated here in regard to it have assumed a definite shape. The following programme seems the most likely to be adopted:

The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries at the Zurich Conference will sign a treaty converting the Villafranca armistice into a formal peace. At the same time a protocol will be drawn up and annexed to this treaty, in which a general settlement of the Italian question will be based upon those terms:

Mantua and Peschiera to be ceded to Piedmont as an integral part of Lombardy; the return of the Duchy of Parma and the Grand Duke of Tuscany to their respective States; abdication of the Duke of Modena, and division of his domains between Parma and Tuscany; re-instatement of Romagna in the Pontifical States; formation of the Italian Confederation; the grant of a liberal constitution to Venetia; the reform of abuses in Tuscany and the States of the Church.

With, perhaps, some slight variations, this, I have no reason to doubt, will be the result of the Zurich Conference. In eight or ten days, however, the Conference will be at an end, and speculation will be at rest.

As yet no official steps have been taken in the Chinese matter. There is talk, though, of the formation of a special corps of fifteen hundred men, who are to be sent to Egypt, and thence conveyed in steamers to the scene of hostilities.

The sidewalk of Paris are enjoying an interregnum just now. The nightly resorts of their promenaders are empty also. The hot weather drove away the better class of customers from the Prado, and now these cold evenings the grisettes, clerks and petty tradesmen, who exhibited their second-hand pretensions there, are to be met with no longer. So, until the fashions come back the splendor of Paris out-of-doors life will be dimmed.

As an offset to this, the season at the Opera des Italiens has been brilliantly inaugurated. Gaudon, Graziana and Madame Penco appeared in Verdi's "Traviata," and the evening's success completely overshadowed that of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Français. Vestvali, by the way, who impersonates the love-sick Romeo, disappoints the good Parisians woefully; instead of being a great singer, they have discovered that she is only a big one.

The mania for collecting takes queer turns sometimes. Only the other day a man died here who had made it the business of his life to collect prints and fine engravings of every description. His portfolios, shelves, trunks and closets were stocked full of specimens of the engraver's art; every piece of sculpture, every painting that ever attracted the burin of a woodcutter was to be found in his collection. At his death, instead of leaving these really valuable prints to some museum or art society, he appointed an executor to distribute them among print merchants all over the country, so that they can never be reclaimed, unless collected again by the same slow, laborious method he had himself adopted.

The eccentricity of another man of whom I have heard took a different turn. He had a passion for collecting theatre programmes. He commenced in 1810. He then occupied a little room in the Rue des Moulins, for which he paid an annual rent of four hundred francs.

In 1836, having already two hundred and forty-six large folio volumes to store away, he was obliged to seek a larger apartment, and installed himself in a house in the Rue Saint Nicholas d'Antin, where he paid a rent of seven hundred francs.

Now, in 1889, he has six hundred and thirty volumes all duly filed away. His rent has been successively raised from a thousand francs to fourteen hundred, then to two thousand francs. Now, if he wishes to remain in his present location until the 1st of April next, he will have to pay two thousand four hundred francs. Although he has hitherto contented himself with dry bread and cold water, that he might afford to pay for store-room for his beloved collection, he now foresees the necessity of abandoning it. Playbills have got to be printed in such monstrous letters, and illustrated so profusely now-a-days, that their size is considerably augmented; so much so, in fact, that our programme man would, in a year or two, have to pay from four to five thousand francs for sufficient room to keep his cherished volumes near him.

At the end of the present year, when he intends to give up his collecting, they will form seven hundred and ten large well bound folio volumes, containing for a period of exactly fifty years programmes of all the theatrical representations and concerts of Paris, and weighing three-quarters of a ton. In this case, years have given importance to what was at the beginning a trivium, and, as the old fellow now proposes to sell his collection, the Government would do well to purchase it.

Another case, in which a certain family will be obliged to give up what they had come to consider as an heirloom, has recently come before the courts. It is well known that Cardinal Richelieu was buried in the chapel of the Sorbonne. His tomb may yet be seen there; but in one of the most terrible days of the revolution the insurgent populace broke open this tomb as well as many others, and after having taken out the body of the famous Cardinal, cut off his head and bore it about the streets on a pike. This head came into the possession of an old lawyer, who left it as an inheritance to his son, who, it seems, sets great store by it. Up to the present time he has been unwilling to part with it. A legal process will ensue, and eventually he will be compelled to restore these remains of an illustrious personage, as they evidently belong to the State.

The Jardin des Plantes was thrown into a violent state of alarm one night not long ago. The head sergeant of the place going the rounds at about two o'clock in the morning, to see if the sentinels were all at their posts, was attacked from behind by a large and ferocious wolf, who had escaped from the menagerie. A terrible struggle ensued between the man and the animal; the former was thrown down, severely bitten and was in danger of his life, when several of the keepers ran to his rescue and relieved him of the wolf, who was found next morning in a clump of trees, and driven back into his cage.

From Baden, where the Parisian beau-monde still persists in remaining, we have quite a neat anecdote. It is this:

A few evenings since several persons of the best society, were assembled around a roulette table. Among them Madame de R—, leaning on her husband's arm, and surrounded by friends, not playing, but contenting herself with looking on at the players.

Suddenly an idea struck her, and she said to her husband: "Come, suppose I should play my age, as you advised me to, you know?"

"Yes, do," said the husband. "It's a certain thing; the woman who stakes her money on the number corresponding to her own age is sure to win the first time."

"Well, we shall see. I will risk two louis on my age."

Saying these words, she opened her purse and took out two louis. Every one stretched out his or her head to see on what number she was going to lay them.

She leaned nonchalantly over the table, and put them upon the number 30.

Madame de R— is a very elegant and pretty woman, and the number appeared to be chosen with sincerity.

"The game is made," said the croupier.

The ball rolled and rolled, and tumbled in and out, finally stopping at the number 36.

"You see," said the husband, "that my advice was good. If you had spoken the truth, you would have won seventy-two louis."

The lady was confused, but not because she had not won.

FRANÇOIS.

Personal.

HOOPS, it is said, are in opposition to the tenets of the Baptist church, because they forbid "close communion."

MR. EDWARD ROBERT LITTON BULWER LITTON, better known as "Owen Meredith," has a new volume of poems in press.

MR. ROBERT CHAMBERS is engaged upon a volume refuting the antiquity of the Scottish Historical Ballads. He considers them to have been written in the early part of the eighteenth century.

SCHAMYL is now sixty-two years old.

JOHN MITCHELL arrived in Paris on the 20th ult., where he intends to remain for about a month and then return to the United States.

It takes a Yankee to make the most of everything. The other day at Maguire's theatre, in San Francisco, the following announcement was added to the attractions of the programme: "In the course of the evening Miss Carrie Nelson will make known the result of the elections."

The marriage mania is spreading. A Mr. Mono (who believes what his name would partially indicate and doesn't believe in monogamy), has just been married for the seventh time. Recently, too, a lady was joined in marriage to a young man who is her fourteenth husband. Mr. Mono should have married this woman, if it were only to see who would have lived to bury the other.

TOM TAYLOR has consented, "for a consideration," to give a proof of his versatility in dramatic authorship, by writing a "hippodramatic spectacle," as the "horse people" at Astley's are elegantly and classically designated. The subject is an exciting one, being no other than "The Adventures of Garibaldi," the gallant hero of modern Italy.

M. BLONDI is smug in his comfortable home at Niagara, to learn that in his own country he is regarded as one who has passed away from earth. The *Fays* of Paris contains a long notice of the performance of Blondin on the tight rope at Niagara, the terrible conclusion of which was a fall into the raging ca'raet. The sun, it is stated, came out from the clouds when he was half-way across the rope, and dazzled, he lost his balance and fell. His body had not been discovered.

The yacht built at Syra for Alexandre Dumas has arrived at Cette. She is a galliot of seventy-eight tons, with raking masts. The crew is composed of six Greek sailors, under the command of Captain Podimatas. The yacht is called the Monte Christo. Many jokes have been made about this yacht, but Dumas has cleverly turned the tables against the jokers, by writing a lively farce, entitled "My Yacht," which is shortly to see the "lights" at one of the Boulevard theatres. The said "Yacht" is to be placed in the hands of Meissonnier, Williams Stevens, Charles Marchal, and others, who do the great *idéalisme* of the panels, ceilings, &c. M. Marchal has chosen for the theme of his pencil subjects from the "Demi-Monde," and the "Dance aux Camellias." The others illustrate the thousand and one works of Dumas senior; so that, by the time the "Yacht" is completed, it will be a brilliant literary souvenir of Dumas.

THEY have discovered how to sell unsalable novels in Paris. The unappreciated author rescues his work from the ultimate trunkmaker, by the following advertising dodge. He writes a letter upon the following model:

"SIR—You are warned to make no further attempt upon the virtue of a certain lady, whom you pretend to love, and whose baptismal name resembles that of the heroine of ——— (giving the title of the novel) the exciting romance lately published by ——— (name of the publisher). Tragedies even more terrible than that which closes the work of fiction in question, sometimes occur in real life. Be on your guard!"

He leaves his letter without signature, has it neatly lithographed and printed to look as if every sheet were written by hand. He then sends to all the gentlemen whose addresses he finds in the directories, and patiently awaits the result. Nine in ten of the persons to whom he has forwarded this adroit circular will say to themselves, "I in love with a lady of the same name as the heroine of the 'Mysterious Soap Boiler'! What the deuce can her name be?" And off he goes to purchase the "delightful romance," which of course is all the author wants.

The London *Saturday Review* walks into Col. Hiram Fuller's late work on "Life and Liberty in Europe," in fine style. It says that the work abounds in the puerilities, the bad taste and the flimsy fustiness which are so apparent in inferior American writings. Furthermore, "the whole book is written in the spirit of a foolish boy." In short, the *Saturday Review* finds that Col. F. is a fool. It is singular how very acute English reviewers can be in their judgments at times.

A MAN named Hennault was brought before the Police Court, in Paris, the other day, having been detected by two police agents just as he was about to cut off the pocket of a countryman, at the Jardin des Plantes, while giving his unwary victim a lecture on the natural history of the hippopotamus. The *modus operandi* of the learned Professor is thus described by the agent who arrested him: "Madam," said the naturalist to the listener, "this animal, which is also known by the name of the sea-horse, does not much frequent the society of man; it amuses itself in the water and in marshy grounds, and grows fat there like you or me. While alive, it eats rattlesnakes, melons and sometimes its own young ones, as you may have recently read in all the journals of Paris. (Here the Professor quietly drew from his pocket a pair of scissors). The savages make roast beef of its flesh, worsted stockings and razorstrops of its skin, and with its tail they fabricate bellows for their houses. (Here the naturalist, who had his scissors in his right hand, gently placed his left on the pocket of the woman). After death they are liable to be stuffed, as a proof of which you may see several in the Museum of Natural History in this city." Here the lecture was brought suddenly to a close by the Professor being seized by the agents, just as he was about to effect his coup by cutting off the pocket. The woman lost the conclusion of the explanation, but saved her property. Hennault, in his defence, declared he was about to use the scissors to cut his nails. He was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.

In our last issue we neglected to mention that Mr. Gimbrede furnished the wedding cards for the late Orvedo wedding. We have received some splendid specimens of designing and workmanship from him, and can only say that for chasteness and delicacy in execution they are not surpassed by anything in this country.

INTERESTING TO LADIES WHO USE THEIR NEEDLES.—At a recent visit to the State Fair at Albany, we (following the multitude, though not to do evil) were attracted to a display of crochet and point lace work exhibited by Mrs. Maria M. Pullan. The novelty and beauty of the work excited great admiration among the ladies, and we were not surprised to learn that the first premium had been adjudged to Mrs. Pullan, at the New York and Pennsylvania State Fairs. There is a still more curious selection of work by the same lady at the Fair of the American Institute, Palace Garden, and amongst other articles a collar in the rare and valuable lace known as Spanish Rose Point, worked to match a pair of sleeves which were done in the fifteenth century.

Mrs. Pullan, however, attributes the beauty of her work less to her own skill and patience than to the excellence of the cottons and threads of Walter Evans & Co., which alone she employs. She says that the strength, evenness and color of these fabrics, known as Evans' Boar's Head Cottons, insure, with even moderate skill, a superior appearance to crochet, knitting and lace work. There is a new Sewing Machine cotton made by this firm, whose agent is Charles Carville, 126 Fulton street. We have ourselves tried this cotton, and agree with Wheeler & Wilson and the other leading Sewing Machine manufacturers, in pronouncing it the best extant.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

C. N. DEAL, Fremont, O.—To your first question we answer yes.

2d.—We can send you the book by mail for \$1.

3d query—"When a red ball is pocketed, is it right to place it on a spot in the centre of the table?—my rules say that if a red ball is pocketed and cannot be placed on the proper spot, the centre spot is used for that purpose—now, the question is, if it is billiards to spot it in the centre?"

ANSWER—No; the eighth section of Rule IV. of the Billiard Code, given in the "Game of Billiards," says: "If, when a red ball is holed, or forced off the table, the striker, before playing, does not see that said red ball is replaced upon its proper spot—supposing such spot to be unoccupied—the stroke he may make, while the red is not in its proper place, is foul. But should the spot be covered by any other ball, when the red ball is pocketed or forced off, the red must remain off the table until its proper position is vacant and all the balls cease rolling."

4th query—"When the player jumps his own ball off the table it counts against him, the same as pocketing his own ball; but where he jumps the red ball off the table, or his opponent's ball, what does it count? or, does he lose his shot, and not count for either party?"

ANSWER.—It does not count for either. He does not count or forfeit.

5th.—Some players think that if they play at the white ball, miss it, and go into the pocket—not hitting any of the balls—it counts but two against them; how is that? Running your own ball in the pocket counts three against you, unless you hit the white ball, then it counts but two, don't it?"

ANSWER.—Yes.

6th.—Is case the player's ball lies close to his opponent's, or to the red ball, has he a right to push the ball with the cue; or must he withdraw his cue before his ball comes in contact with the object ball?

ANSWER.—In the American game, he has the right to push, and need not withdraw his cue before the balls come in contact. In the French game, pushing is not allowed, and the cue must be withdrawn before the cue ball touches the object ball.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

It has been announced by a contemporary, usually well informed, that Mr. Roberts had written to Mr. Phelan on the subject of the latter gentleman's propositions for the conclusion of an international billiard match, made to him by Mr. Phelan, but Mr. Phelan has not as yet received any letter from the English champion.

THE DIMENSIONS OF A BILLIARD-ROOM.—Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive from correspondents, from all parts of the country, letters requesting us to state what ought to be the proper dimensions for a private billiard-room attached to a gentleman's house. We will now answer them altogether: The

proper size for a billiard table is twelve feet long by six wide; and there should be a space of six feet on every side, to give our room to players and their friends. The dimensions of the hall, therefore, should be twenty-four feet long by eighteen wide—but twenty-two by sixteen could be made to answer on a pinch. For two tables, the room ought to be twenty-four by thirty—but twenty-two by twenty-eight could be made to serve, and so on in proportion to the number of tables. In Mr. Phelan's establishment in Broadway a space of eight feet is allowed between each table, but a space of six feet will be ample for all general requirements. The light should, if possible, descend from above, through ample skylights, so as to bring the table within a general focus, and thus prevent any shadow being thrown from the balls or cushions. The light should be raised about three feet six inches from the bed of the table, and supplied with horizontal burners, as by such an arrangement no shadow is cast from the pipes.

BILLIARDS IN BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Mr. Ralph Benjamin opened his Billiard and Chess Rooms a few evenings ago. He has leased Franklin Hall, and fitted it up in a neat and attractive manner. The floor is covered with a splendid Brussels carpet; a raised platform has been put around the four sides of the room, upon which are placed oak chairs for the accommodation of spectators. Upon the walls are photographs of some of the most celebrated knights of the cue. In the room there are six of Phelan's improved tables with patent combination cushions, which are pronounced by the best judges and most accomplished players to be superior to all others in every respect. They have slate and marble beds, and were manufactured expressly for this establishment. The cues are nicely balanced, and the balls of the finest East India ivory. The hall being large, there is ample room for the players, and those at one table will not interfere with those at another.

There was quite a large gathering at the opening, and our citizens had an opportunity to witness an exhibition of skill between Messrs. Phelan, White and Lake, of New York, and Bird, of Philadelphia. About seven o'clock the hall was densely crowded. Messrs. Phelan and Lake came to the table to test their skill against White and Bird, and we have never seen better play during a four hand match. The game was two hundred points. The score was as follows, the game having been made in two innings by each player:

Runs.	Points.	Total.	Runs.	Points.	Total.
1	99	99	1	54	54
2	51	150	2	0	54
WHITE.					
Runs.	Points.	Total.	Runs.	Points.	Total.
1	43	43	1	9	9
2	19	62	2	3	12

After this Phelan and Bird played three games, Bird winning one and Phelan two. The crowd was so great at one time as to interfere with the players.

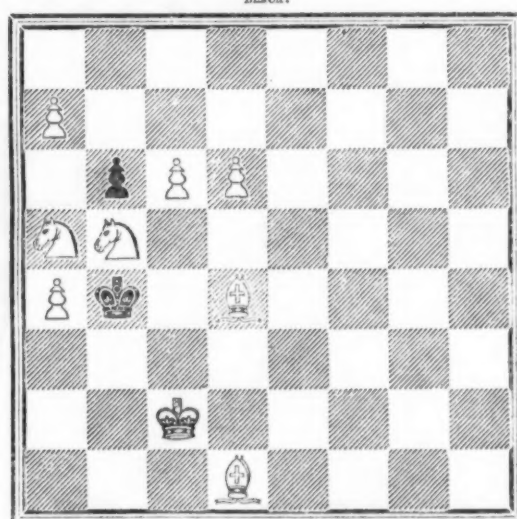
Mr. Benjamin has been to great expense in fitting up his rooms, and they are pronounced by Mr. Phelan and others as being second to none in the country, and our citizens may be assured that they will be conducted in such a manner that there will be no occasion for cavi or complaint. Mr. B. also ranks high as a player, and those who desire to be proficient in this beautiful game can learn much from his skill and experience. There are rooms connected with the establishment devoted to chess, where the admirers of that noble game can contend in the mimic battles of the chess board.—*Bridgeport Advertiser*.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—CAPT. D. You have been misinformed. The Brooklyn Chess Club meets every evening at the Club room, corner of Court and Remsen streets. The annual dues for the coming year are three dollars. All players who joined the Club last year are still members, and have only to hand in their dues. A tournament for a board and set of Chess men is about being played. The prize is a gift of the secretary, and the tournament is open to all members of the Club gratuitously. The plan of play is that each member who desires to enter the list is to play a single game with every other member, the player showing the best score at the close gains the prize.—*E. J. I. Bangor, Me.* All problems will be fully examined and reported upon soon.—*PAUL MOURINO.* It may be that you are correct. We have been so pressed for time that we have not been able to do the position justice.

PROBLEM No. 216.—By P. J. D., Hoboken. Respectfully inscribed to Eugene B. Cook, Esq. White to play and checkmate in three moves. The Ambuscade.

BLACK.



WHITE.

OFF-HAND game played between Messrs. P— and E. C. INGERSOLL.
(COUNTER GAMBIT IN KNIGHT'S OPENING.)

WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. I.	WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. I.
1 P to K4	P to K4	11 Q to Kt P (ch)	K to Kt B2
2 K Kt to B3	P to K B4	12 Q to Kt R P	B to Q B4
3 Q Kt to B3	P to P	13 Q to Q R6	Q to B P (ch)
4 Q Kt to P	P to Q4	14 K to Q5	B to Q Kt5 (ch)
5 K Kt to P	P to Kt	15 B to K2	Q to Kt P
6 Q to K R5 (ch)	P to K Kt3	16 Q to K P (ch)	K to Q5
7 Kt to P	P to Kt	17 Q to Kt (ch)	K to Q B2
8 Q to R	B to K3	18 Q to Kt R	K to K5
9 Q to K5	Q to K B3	19 K to K5	B to K B7
10 Q to Q B7	Q Kt to Q2	20 B to B	

And Black announced mate in three moves.

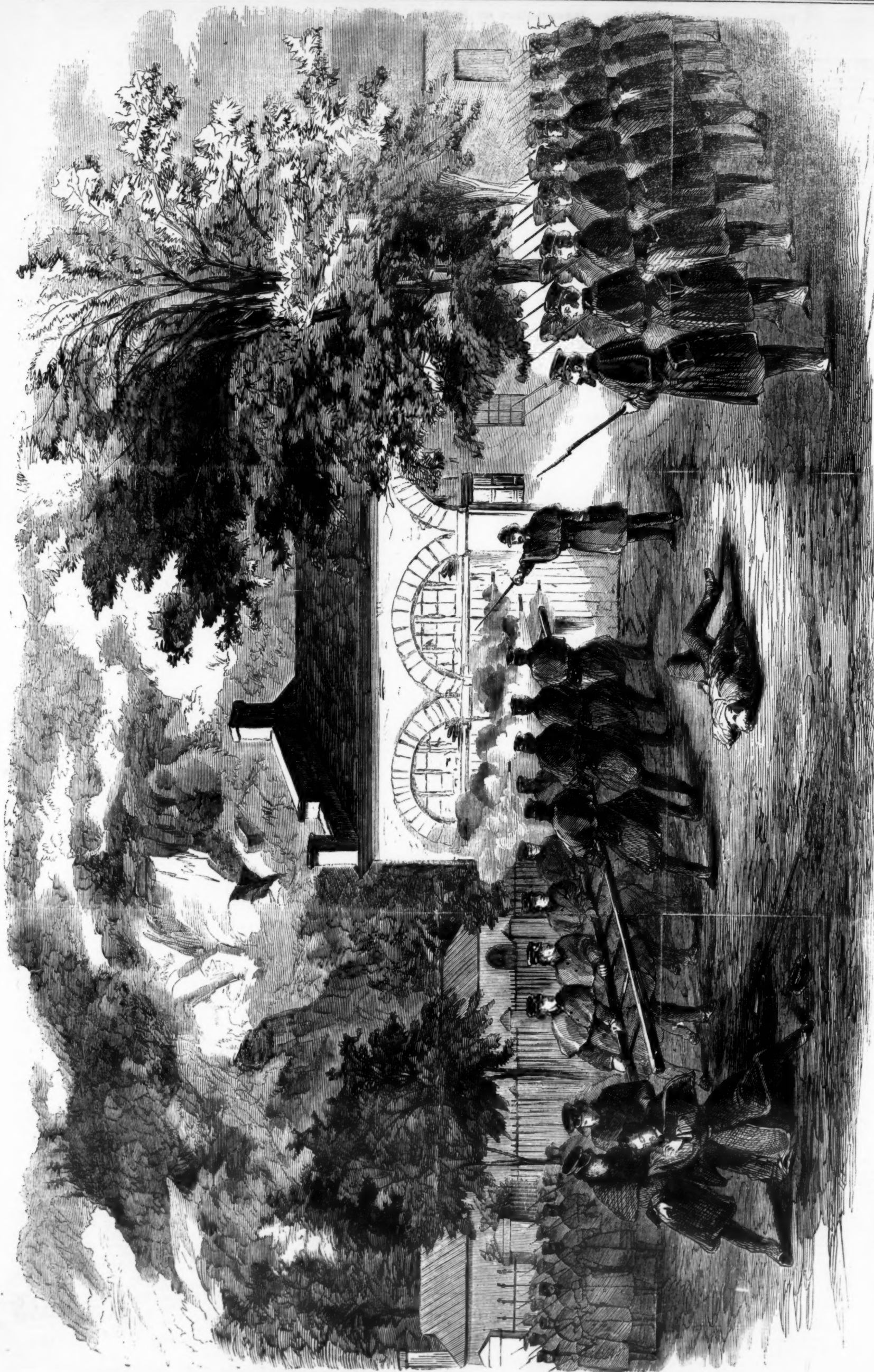
GAME played in the Lawton (Mo.) Chess Club, between Messrs. E. C. INGERSOLL and J. D. PULFINGER. Remove White's Q Kt from the board.

(KING'S GAMBIT.)

WHITE. Mr. I.	BLACK. Mr. P.	WHITE. Mr. I.	BLACK. Mr. P.
1 P to K4	P to K4	16 Q to Kt P (ch)	K to Kt B2
2 P to K B4	P to Kt P	17 B to Kt B (ch)	K to K3
3 K Kt to B3	K Kt to B3	18 K R to Kt R (ch)	K to Q4
4 P to K5	Kt to Q4	19 B to K4 (ch)	K to K3
5 P to Q4	Kt to K6	20 B to B (dis ch)	K to Q2
6 B to Kt	P to B6	21 B to Kt P	Q Kt to B3
7 Q to Q3	B to K2	22 P to Q5	Kt to K4
8 Q to P	B to R5 (ch)	23 B to B	Q to B
9 P to K Kt3	B to K2	24 Q to P	Kt to B2
10 Castles	Castles	25 Q to R6	P to Q B3
11 B to K3	P to K B3	26 Q to K6 (ch)	K to B2
12 P to K R4	P to P	27 K to Kt	P to K3
13 Kt to P	P to Q3	28 Q to R	Q to Kt R
14 Kt to K B3	B to K Kt6	29 P to Q6 (ch)	K to K3
15 Q to K4	B to Kt	30 Q to B	Black resigns.

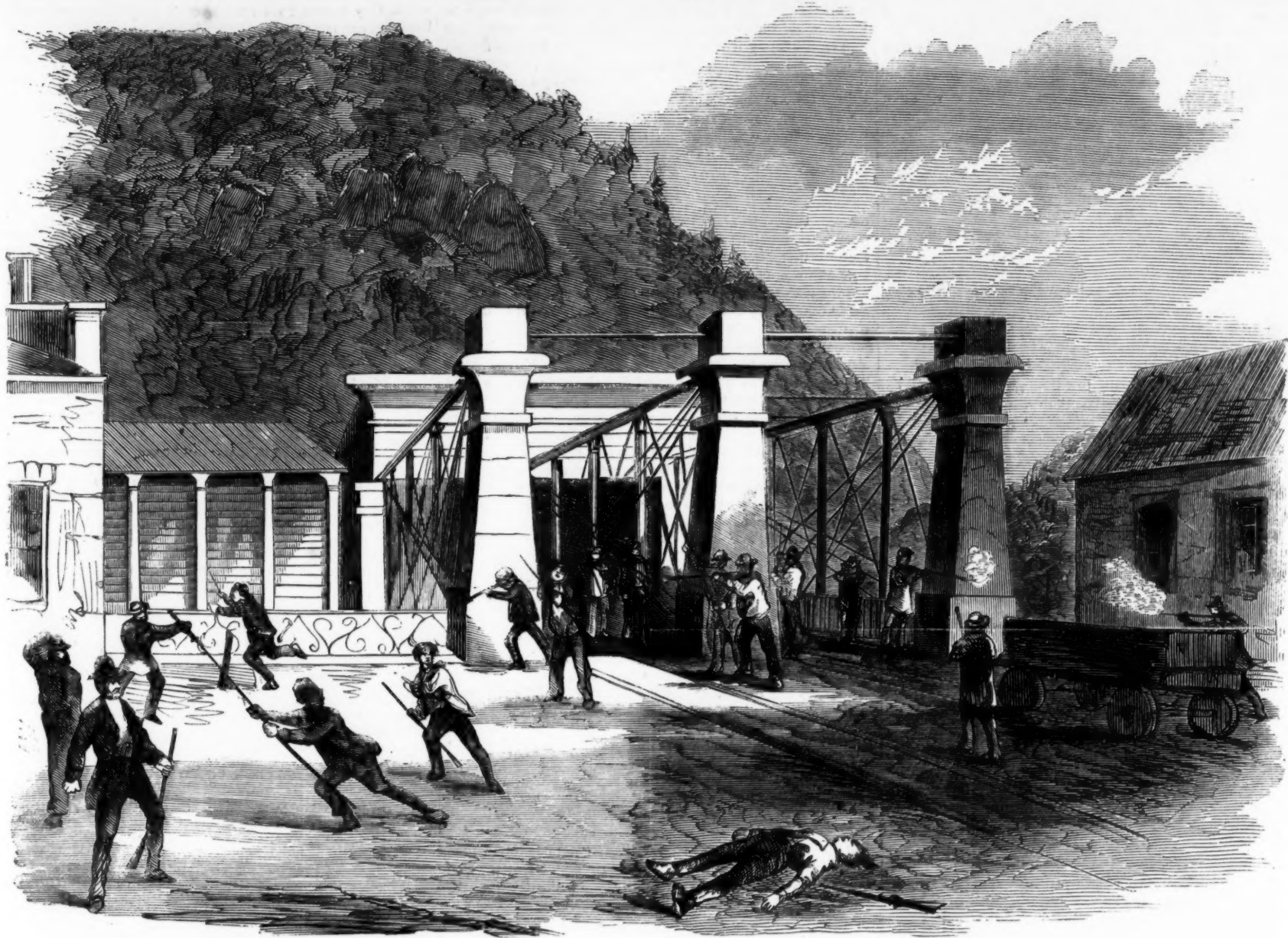
OFF HAND game played between Messrs. E. C. INGERSOLL and PIERCE.
(PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.)

WHITE. Mr. I.	BLACK. Mr. P.	WHITE. Mr. I.	BLACK. Mr. P.
1 P to K4	P to K4	17 Q to K B3	B to K B3
2 K Kt to B3	P to Q3	18 B to B	Kt to B
3 P to Q4	P to P	19 Q R to K	P to Q B3
4 Q to P	Q Kt to B3	20 K R to B2	P to P
5 B to Q Kt5	B to Q2	21 K to Kt P (ch)	K to R
6 B to Kt	B to K2	22 K R to K2	K R to K B7
7 Q Kt to B3	Q to K2	23 R to K7	Q to Q B2
8 Castles	P to K B3	24 B to Kt P	Q to K
9 Kt to Q6	B to Kt	25 P to K	Kt to K B3
10 P to B	Q to Q2	26 Q R to K6	Kt to R
11 B to K3	K Kt to K2	27 P to K7	P to K Kt3
12 P to Q B4	Kt to B4	28 P to K7	K to Kt R
13 Q to K4 (ch)	B to K2	29 B to Kt R P	K to Kt R
14 Kt to Q4	Kt to Kt	30 R to Q7	K to B3
15 B to Kt	Castles K R	31 R to K P, and wins.	
16 P to K B4	P to K B4		



THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.—THE U. S. MARINES STORMING THE ENGINE-HOUSE.—INSURGENTS FIRING THROUGH HOLES IN THE WALL.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The Insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Va.



ATTACK ON THE INSURGENTS AT THE BRIDGE BY THE RAILROAD MEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

(Continued from page 336.)

Wise's Interview with Brown.

The interview between the Governor and the prisoner Brown was very interesting. Very little information was obtained from the wounded man. Upon Wise advising him to prepare for death, he

retorted by saying that no amount of repentance could do away with the evils Wise had sanctioned and committed. It was evident that the miserable man considered himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence, and that, while he lamented the death of his sons, he considered they had fallen in a glorious cause, and one which he himself was ready to perish for.

The Governor bore his remarks with true Virginian courtesy, and

with a sort of half-concealed regret that so much earnestness had been wasted in so bad a cause.

The Carpet Bag.

Till more is known about the papers found in Brown's house, it would be premature to give any definite opinion. It appears certain there were letters found from Gerritt Smith, one of which had contained money. That Brown could not of his own means have paid



GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA, EXAMINING THE WOUNDED PRISONERS IN THE PRESENCE OF SENATOR MASON, THE REPORTER OF THE N. Y. HERALD, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND AN OFFICER OF MARINES.

for the arms and ammunition is evident, and it will be the duty of Government to ascertain who these silent sympathisers and contributors of "material aid" were. In so grave a matter we think it best not to spread reports which may turn out to be false, or certainly exaggerated.

Brown and his associates are now in Charlestown awaiting their examination, which commences next week.

Laura Keene's Theatre, 624 Broadway, near Houston Street.
Every Evening, Shakespeare's beautiful Comedy
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,
with a
GREATLY STRENGTHENED CAST.
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight o'clock.
Admission..... Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

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PAGE'S "VENUS."
IMMENSE SUCCESS. REARRANGEMENT OF ENTIRE COLLECTION.
OPEN DAY AND EVENING.
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NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF PAGE'S "VENUS."
DUSSELDORF GALLERY,
548 BROADWAY.
Open day and evening. Admission 25 Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29 1859

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

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The Topics of the Week.

DEATH OF MR. MASON.—In some respects the sudden and lamented death of our Minister to the Court of France must have been a political relief to Mr. Buchanan, since he had tried every means in his power to make him resign without success, when death, with the thirteenth mortal mace of apoplexy, solved the difficulty, and has thrown a valuable appointment into the hands of the President. Several names have been mentioned in connection with this, among others Mr. Slidell, Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Floyd, the present Secretary of War. They are all excellent men, and would worthily represent the national honor. We have no fear on this latter point, since Mr. Cass has himself been our Minister there, and knows what sort of man we require.

THE BROWN INSURRECTION.—The foremost topic of the week has been the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, one of the wildest, wickedest and most contemptible attempts ever made. There is something absolutely ludicrous between the small means and the mighty plan. Had it not unhappily been stained with the blood of so many of our citizens, its fitting termination would have been a lunatic asylum for Brown and his dupes. As the matter now stands, it has assumed the double aspect of murder and treason. The dignity of the national law must be vindicated and the Union preserved. We can hardly believe that such men as Gerritt Smith, Parson Beecher and Horace Greeley are at all concerned in it. The letters from these gentlemen, which may possibly have been found in Brown's possession, refer to the Kansas troubles. The question, then, between the border ruffians was a very different affair to this last escapade at Harper's Ferry. We have illustrated the most exciting scenes in this bloody drama from sketches made on the spot by our own artist, and have treated the matter editorially elsewhere.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.—This grand procession—to be seen only on our own continent—brings before the public, and in a most unmistakable shape, the superior efficacy of self-government. Here we behold seven thousand of our bravest and most industrious citizens voluntarily devote themselves, to a laborious and dangerous contingency. Our illustrations are exceedingly accurate, and represent the stirring scene with wonderful spirit.

THE BOSTON PRESS.—As we expected, the Boston press denounce the Brown insurrection with undoubted sincerity. That rampant spirit of abolitionism which some years ago deformed the face of Athenian society has fled to the breasts of a few fanatics. The Boston *Evening Courier* deserves unqualified praise for a very able article on the subject. The *Evening Transcript* also takes a very moderate view of the question.

MEXICO AND ITS ANARCHY.—The "sick man" at our side is becoming a greater nuisance every day. We have lately had in the murder of our citizens at Brownsville, Texas, by a band of Mexican guerrillas—a convincing proof that the Mexican Government—if they have one—is not able to keep its own criminals in order. It is therefore imperative that we should not leave our border towns at the mercy of such miscreants as the Mexicans. What with Spanish treachery, cruelty and superstition they do not come within the pale of civilization. A strong force should be stationed to protect our frontier and chastise these brigands. The best way, however, would be to take a decided part in Mexican affairs, and assist Juarez in putting down the anarchy now prevailing in that wretched land. But the fact is, our Government is afraid of the Catholic vote, the church party being the great curse of Mexico. Had Spain and Mexico been Protestant powers,

we should long ago have settled our controversies with both those brutal and bigoted tyrannies.

THE ONDERDONK QUESTION.—There is a strange anomaly in the eagerness with which Bishop Onderdonk, having quieted his own conscience by repentance, seeks to gain the approving smile of man. Surely, having made his peace with God, he can afford to let the Bench of Bishops slide. This yearning after respectability is the last infirmity of the clerical mind.

"KNOCKED DOWN VERY CHEAP."—The *Herald* says of Governor Wise that "the Governor expressed his mortification at the disgrace which had been brought upon the State. He would rather have lost both legs and both arms from his shoulders and hips than such a disgrace should have been cast upon it. That fourteen white men and five negroes should have captured the Government works and all Harper's Ferry, and have found it possible to retain them for one hour, while Colonel Lee, with twelve marines, settled the matter in ten minutes. That nineteen men should capture one hundred prisoners was something like the Irish soldier who captured ten men and told his officer that 'Faith, he surrounded them.' They should read Shakespeare and study Falstaff's oaths."

Passing over the strange malformation of the Governor's body, his arms growing from his hips, and his legs from his shoulders, we confess that we are not surprised that Governor Wise should feel ashamed of the recent *emete*. This, however, comes of wasting his time in writing silly and equally treasonable letters to New York auctioneers about Syracuse Conventions; for we maintain that Virginia Governors who advise an Irish auctioneer to neutralise the people's voice by such disreputable means as he there suggested, and which were carried out to the letter by Fernando Wood, is as much the enemy of the Union as the fanatic Brown! Governor Wise has lost his last remaining leg by his auctioneer letter, and his lax Governorship of the Old Dominion. He will have to enter Charleston, like our Chinese Minister, in a box, but it will be the wrong one, although it may be made of Wood!

Brown's Servile Conspiracy.

THE events that have occurred during the past week at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, have startled the whole country with a force not equalled by any occurrence for many years. In the excitement of the day we know how perilous it is to form and disseminate opinions, especially where they may arouse whatever of sectional feeling lies dormant. We say this to deprecate any pre-judgment of our expression. We care nothing for North or for South. We care only for truth, and while we can view the actions of Brown and his associates in no other light than as bloody and deliberate murders, we blush for humanity, for our good name as a people, and for our profession as journalists, that any press through the land should be base enough to print one word in extenuation of the crime of these maniacs. In this view we would speak of an article in the *Tribune* of the 19th inst., a portion of which we give that it may be seen how far fanaticism and ignorance will carry men towards justifying murder. These are the editorial comments:

There will be enough to heap execration on the memory of these mistaken men. We leave this work to the fit hands and tongues of those who regard the fundamental axioms of the Declaration of Independence as "glittering generalities." Believing that the way to universal emancipation lies not through insurrection, civil war and bloodshed, but through peace, discussion and the quiet diffusion of sentiments of humanity and justice, we deeply regret this outbreak; but, remembering that, if their fault was grievous, grievously have they answered it, we will not, by one reproachful word, disturb the bloody shrouds wherein John Brown and his compatriots are sleeping. They dared and died for what they felt to be the right, though in a manner which seems to us fatally wrong. Let their epitaphs remain unwritten until the not distant day when no slave shall clank his chains in the shades of Monticello, or by the graves of Mount Vernon.

We feel sure that the writer of that paragraph would have gladly enlisted under the banner of Brown, and felt that by imbruing his hands in the blood of helpless women and children he was carrying out a great philanthropic movement. That, as a specimen of the one style; and the following, as a specimen of the other, the twaddle, the elbows of the Mincio, and the sympathies of youth style, is from the *New York Times*, 20th inst.:

No man can justify an insurrection of Southern slaves upon any other basis than this—that a better state of society for all concerned would certainly result from it than that which now exists. Anything less than this would not compensate for the slaughter of innocent women and children, the wholesale destruction of property, the infliction of torture, rapine and every imaginable horror, the overthrow of all order, peace and security, and the black and bloody anarchy, which must inevitably attend upon the most successful insurrection of Southern slaves which could possibly take place.

If it were not too serious a subject, this would be worthy of a laugh.

These writers, who have possibly never been as far South as the spot where this terrible scene occurred, who have never had practical experience of our slave population, and who blindly shut their eyes to facts, persist in urging the desire of the negroes for emancipation as the groundwork of their conclusions. A more false argument could not be advanced. In this very affair we have indisputable evidence to show that the negroes ran from these murdering fanatics in fear and terror. They would have nothing to do with them. The negroes cannot be urged into insurrection. They have no thoughts of such a nature, and dread an abolitionist as they would some terrible evil.

We fear very much that the effects of this intended massacre will not die out for a much longer time than its importance would warrant. Both parties will strive to give it a political bearing, a reading which it does not deserve, and should not receive. It is simply the deliberately planned act of men who have become diseased on the negro question, and who have taken this murderous method to gain notoriety.

There is but one public duty to perform, which is the punishment of the guilty. We do not fear for Brown, who is in the hands of the Virginia authorities, and we hope strongly that Cook will yet be arrested. With these men the outraged laws will deal, but there are others who must be reached. Whoever were the aiders and abettors, whoever were the subscribers to the funds with which Brown bought his firearms and ammunition, they must be punished. Whether it be Gerritt Smith, Joshua Giddings or men standing higher in social position, if they have done this act they are traitors and murderers every one, and have richly forfeited their necks to the gibbet. There must be no halting in the course of justice when it involves so mighty an issue.

Let us seek out these men in their luxurious homes who have given their money to aid such a barbarous project—a project which they should have known could only end in wholesale butchery, and mete out to them the stern even-handed justice they have so richly earned. We must not leave them to the scorn of their fellow-men, for like Mawworm they love to be despised. The hangman's hand is the one that should reward the aiders and originators of the Harper's Ferry murders.

Honorable Acquittal of Warren Leland.

IN our last issue we gave a brief history of the conspiracy against Warren Leland, on account of the Colchester Bank affair. After a thorough examination of Jones, the case was summarily dismissed by the Judge, and Mr. Warren Leland honorably acquitted. He was, however, immediately arrested on the same charge under a different form, to meet which he at once gave bail. This course is manifestly another act in this impudent scheme to annoy Mr. Leland, but there is little probability that this charge will ever be brought into court. The utter failure in the first attempt will assuredly make his enemies more cautious.

Mr. Warren Leland has commenced actions against all the parties implicated in this affair, and will, if the law will reach them, make them pay the penalty of their scandalous persecution.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Vital Principles.—A political newspaper says: "We contend for vital principles." We suppose the editor means the principles which nourish the vitals.

How to Bring Out Voters.—The *New York Leader* in a recent number denounces those Democrats who stay at home on election days. It intimates there is one way to remedy it, without specifying what that way is. We suppose it means to send a deputation consisting of such as Frank McCabe and John Heenan to the domiciles of reluctant voters, to escort them to the polls. They certainly would bring the backward ones to the scratch.

The name of the Chinaman who was in command of the victorious armies on the Petho is Bang—General Bang. If he ain't suspended by the China Government, we are thinking that the chief warrior and all his braves will be converted into a General Bang, by the British. We hear the response well up from China, "Yeh!"

A Sporting Lady.—While the curtain was down at a New York theatre a few evenings since, a lady arose in the dress circle and loudly exhorted the audience to repentance. That being deemed not a place of prayer, she was removed, under the impression that the female was insane. It is since ascertained that the lady (?) burlesqued the religious rite to win a bet. It is a pity that it was not for a better cause.

The Coming Pope.—In the event of the death of Pope Pius, it is thought that the English Cardinal will be his successor. In that case the affairs of Rome would, for the first time in many years, be in the hands of a Wise-man. We trust that he may succeed in disconnecting politics and religion better than our Silly-man has.

Really So.—A Yankee who was paying his devotions to a rich Cuban heiress, was asked by her which of the Spanish dances he preferred.

"Wal," replied Jonathan, "I think the Spanish Real is most attractive to my eye."

Politics and Fun.—There is a good deal of fun to the independent reader in perusing political journals. Indeed, we, as outsiders, are much amused at the editorial crossfiring; for instance, taking up the *Davenport (Iowa) News*, a Democratic newspaper, we found a long article as though the editor was in great trouble about the future of the Republicans. "Where will they go to after 1860?" seems to be a query with him. Now, he does not care, we opine, what is their fate after the Presidential campaign, so long as they go to the devil before it.

Changing the Name of the Great Eastern.—"We are going," said Blower, a young American, to Bragg the Englishman, "to change the name of your great steamer."

"Are you; for what reason?" quoth Bragg.

"Well, when the Winan ship gets afloat she'll be left in her wake."

"Oh," said Bragg, his face changing color.

"Yes," said Blower; "then we shall rub one letter off your ship's name."

"Which is that?"

"One E," replied Blower; "instead of being the Great Eastern she will be the Great A-tern."

Indian Idea of Sociability.—The Washington letter writers say that Major Neighbor, the Indian superintendent of Texas, fearing assassination, was about to remove from his station. The *Rei Man* has certainly a very summary way of ridding himself of unpleasant neighbors.

Striking a Haddock.—In the account of the balloon voyage of that odd fish Haddock, we find the following: "Two or three things struck me in looking down from an altitude of half a mile." It's a wonder these two or three strikes did not tip him out of the balloon.

The History of Butter.—Gubbins, who is quite an antiquarian, has read this article in a newspaper:

"From the various statements in history, it may be safely concluded that the discovery of butter is attributed neither to the Greeks nor to the Romans, but that the former were made acquainted with it by the Scythians, Thracians and Phrygians, and the latter by the people of Germany. 'It appears,' says Beckman, 'that when they had learned the art of making it, they employed it only as an ointment in their baths, and particularly as a medicine. It is never mentioned by Galen and others as food, though they have spoken of it as applicable to other purposes.'"

Since which he has discovered some of the genuine original butter, made doubtless by the ancients, at his Greenwich street boarding-house. He says it was probably never intended for aught but ear grease by the early Deutchers, but the modern Vandals of boarding-housekeepers make their victims eat it. He has sent a sample of it to the Antiquarian Society's rooms, with a note, saying that if they don't believe it is the first butter by the smell, let them taste it, and if they are then not satisfied, he is a Dutchman.

Breeches among the Caledonians.—A Scotchman, desirous of joining the Chicago Highland Guard, but objecting to the kilt and barelegged folly has called a meeting of those who are in favor of a Scotch company to wear pantaloons. We suppose the originator of this movement pants for fame.

The Strong Right Arm.—It is said that the strong arm of the British army lies in the Armstrong gun.

The Right Man in the Right Place.—John Mitchell in Botany Bay.

Bunsby Come Again.—The *Herald* has a special Washington correspondent who beats the quadrilateral, Mincio juvenile sympathetic organ into nothing. *Ecc signum*:

"I have the very best authority for stating that the General has left voluntarily for the island of San Juan. He received no instructions from the Government, but will act in the disputed matter according to the dictates of his own prudence and judgment."

Just fancy General Scott going to the Pacific "on his own hook" and "settling a great international dispute" on his own hook! And yet the above is in veritable print.

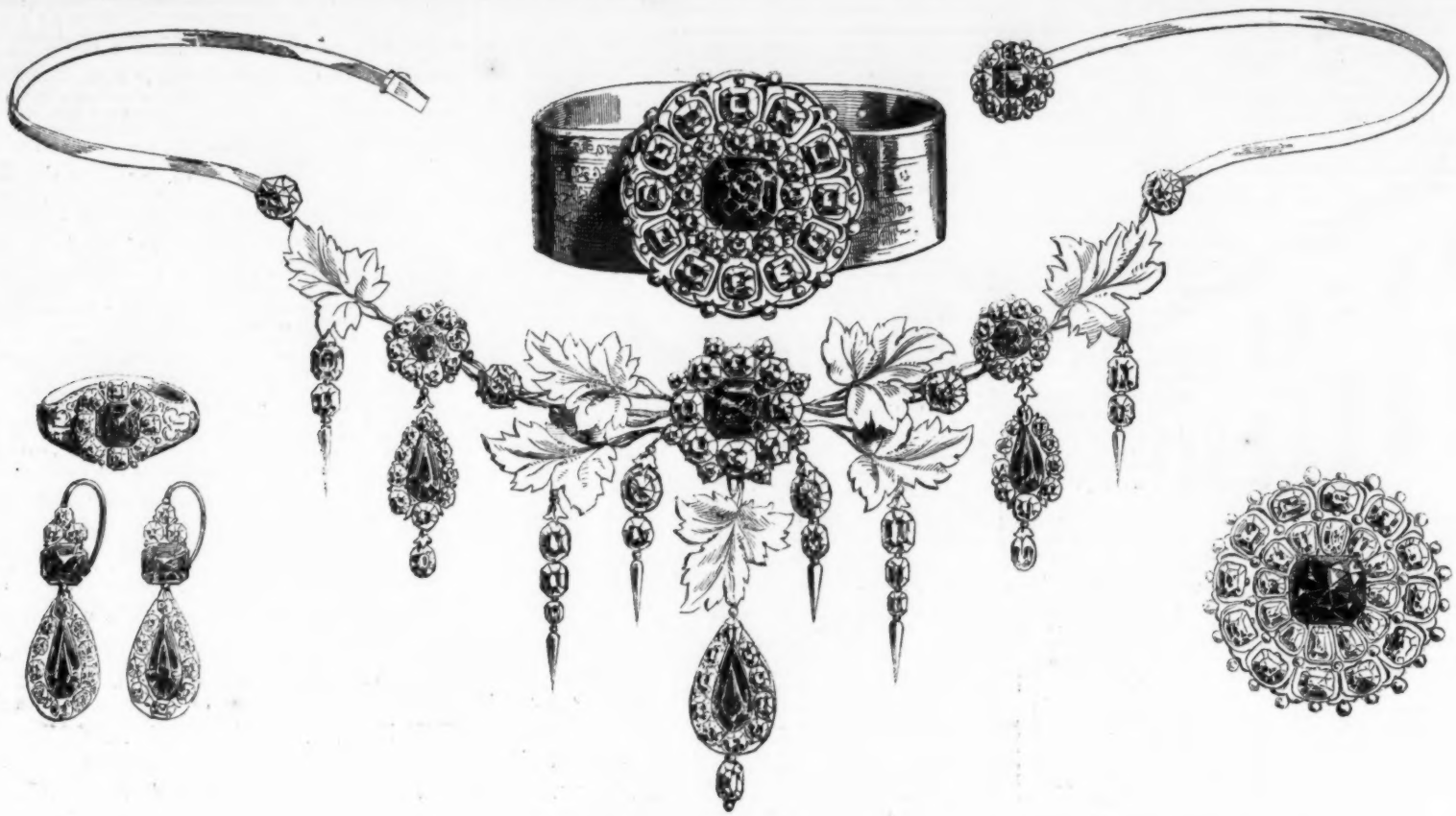
POLITICAL.

Letter No. 2 from an Old Statesman.

SINCE my last letter was written I have read a portion of a controversy between the *New York Tribune* and the *Courier and Enquirer*. The former paper, without mention of the names of any candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the Union, clearly intimates the probability of Mr. Seward's not being the candidate of the party it supports. This is a portentous sign, as no intimation of such a character would be made by that wary journal without calm and cautious reflection. The *Courier*, on the other hand, charges the *Tribune* with being again an expediency advocate of the Republican party, and ready to abandon both men and principles.

I allude to the brief controversy between those organs of the Republican

In conclusion he said, "Accept this banner on behalf of the Municipal Authorities of New York. It is given by them as a testi-



THE JEWELS OF THE OVIEDO WEDDING—THE RUBY AND DIAMOND SET, MANUFACTURED BY BALL, BLACK & CO.—SEE PAGE 345.

monial of their high appreciation of the good order, excellent discipline and great efficiency of the New York Fire Department."

We subjoin an accurate description of the beautiful and costly banner:

It is of heavy double silk, nine by twelve feet in size. One side is of the best blue Italian silk, known as the Marie Louise quality. The tableau on the face is embraced in an oval, and consists of a representation of a widow and her children rescued by a fireman. The Goddess of Protection, riding upon the clouds in the background, is presenting the keys of the Fire Department to Neptune, who, with his Tritons, are awaiting orders upon the brink of the sea. The figure of the water god is strikingly delineated. Charity is placing in the hand of the widow money, and points to the cornucopia at her feet, as the earnest of future plenty. Below are some of the symbolical emblems of the department; the whole appear surrounded by clouds of smoke, from the summit of which appear two smiling cherubs. The principal inscription on the face is—"New York Fire Department, chartered March 20th, 1795."

The obverse side of the banner is painted upon royal purple silk, and consists of a repetition of the representation of the billowy fire-clouds, in the centre of which is a large oval bearing the arms of the city of New York, most uniquely formed by the rope that drags an engine. Above is a medallion containing a view of the Firemen's Monument in Greenwood Cemetery; below are the remaining emblematic types of the department, besides a representation of the certificates of membership and dismissal; between which, at the bottom of the banner, is a hydrant with two lengths

of hose, artistically introduced in the whole picture. The motto on this side is—"Presented by the Corporation of the City of New York, October 17, 1859." The banner, for size, grouping, design and execution, stands unrivalled in the history of banner painting. At once bold and free, the figures and emblems are in brilliant and distinct relief, which renders them easily discernible at a distance, and yet finished with a softness of touch that will compare favorably with many cabinet paintings.

It was executed by Joseph H. Johnson, a young artist of this city. The banner is superbly trimmed with gold lace and tassels. It cost one thousand and five hundred dollars.

The frame is of polished hickory, with the iron framework gilded. On the top are an eagle and Fire Department emblems.

The banner was received by Harry Howard Hook and Ladder Company No. 11, and carried by them in the procession. The presentation thus completed, the various fire companies and the spectators hurried to the Fifth avenue to join

The Parade.

The line was formed in Fifth avenue, the right resting on Thirty-fifth street. The line of march was as follows: Countermarch down Fifth avenue to Fourteenth street; down Fourteenth street to Eighth avenue, to Bleecker street and thence to Broadway; down Broadway, through the Park to Chatham street, up East Broadway to Grand, through Grand to the Bowery, up the Bowery to Fourth avenue; thence round the Washington statue in Union square and dismiss. This programme was carried out almost to the letter; some mistakes occurred, but they were too unimportant to mar the

general perfection of the arrangements. The length of the procession in a straight line exceeded three miles and a half, and nearly six hours elapsed before the last company reached Washington's statue in Union square. It is calculated that over seven thousand men were in line on Monday, and a finer set of men could hardly be got together. New York may well be proud of her sons, self-sacrificing volunteers in a noble cause. The world can show no similar organization; it is purely American, and displays a touch of that patriotic spirit which successfully combated oppression in days gone by.

The Zouaves of the French army carry with them their domestic pets through all their campaigns—our gallant fire companies have also their pets, some of which took part in the parade of Monday. One of the hook and ladder companies had a black grizzly bear, chained on the top of the truck; it was terribly frightened by the crowd, the noise and the music, and its awkward and ungainly movements afforded much amusement to the throngs of spectators. Another had a fox, another an eagle, and one carried that emblem of silent wisdom, the owl.

Many of the engines were not only beautiful in themselves, rich in gilding or silver, but were decorated in exquisite taste with flowers, wreaths, banners, &c., &c. It is a moderate computation to put down the expenditure of the various companies for the purposes of decoration at one hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the cost, which was very great, of entertaining the visiting companies from other cities.

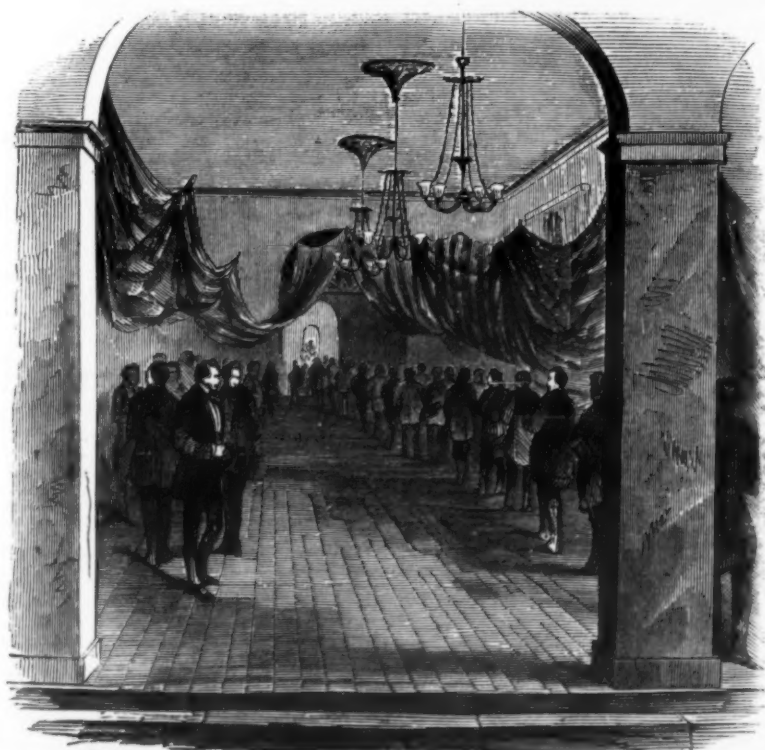
Throughout the whole line of march the companies were received



THE BODY OF SENATOR BRODIE LYING IN STATE AT THE UNION HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT BY DURBIN VAN VLECK, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 348.



SECOND TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT—THE LINE PASSING DOWN BROADWAY.



PROCESSION OF PEOPLE PASSING THROUGH THE HALL OF THE UNION HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, TO VIEW THE CORPSE OF SENATOR HENRICK.—SEE PAGE 343.



BANNER PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT BY THE CORPORATION.

TRIENNIAL PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from page 346.)

with cordial and hearty cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

It is not too much to say that the Fire Department did all in its power to make the parade as imposing and as attractive as possible, in which they succeeded to admiration. Harry Howard, the Chief and Grand Marshal of all, must have been proud of the display which shed such honor upon his command, upon the city and upon the Fire Department. To him a large portion of the credit is due, and we accord it to him with much pleasure. Long may he hold the position which he fills so ably and so entirely to the satisfaction of all.

SENATOR BRODERICK LYING IN STATE.

As a pendant to the portrait of Senator Broderick, we give in this week's paper an accurate engraving of the lying-in state of this energetic and lamented politician, and also of the manner in which the spectators were admitted. From early dawn till late at night on the 18th September, a constant stream of visitors thronged the Union Hotel to gaze on the features of the most popular and fearless of the Golden State's adopted sons. Never has there been such a manifestation of sorrow and sympathy on the Pacific shores of our great Republic. The San Francisco News Letter says: "A cortege of not less than twenty thousand souls gazed upon the pallid, marble-like features of the dead, amidst a silence broken by sobs and the tread of the throng. The bier was surrounded by white roses, whilst on his remains a couple of similar wreaths were laid. The Sacramento boat on Saturday night was crowded to excess, and nearly all the arrivals hastened to pay homage to the remains. Not less than three thousand strangers had reached the city up to midnight."

The funeral took place on Sunday at half-past one from the Union Hotel, when a funeral oration was delivered on the Plaza, by Colonel Baker. The procession then formed and proceeded to the grave at the Lone Mountain Cemetery, where the religious ceremonies were performed. The Fire Department took the right of the line, followed by the California Pioneers. Joan Middleton acted as Grand Marshal, and his arrangements gave universal satisfaction.

The coffin containing the body was placed upon a platform, while Colonel Baker delivered his oration.

By order of the Fire Department, the City Hall bell was tolled when the funeral cortege of Mr. Broderick passed.

The procession was preceded by mounted policemen. Next came eleven double carriages, intended for the pall-bearers, and a carriage containing the Rev. Fathers Gallagher and Marsch; next followed the hearse, drawn by four black horses caparisoned in mourning, the pall-bearers walking on either side.

At twenty-five minutes to two o'clock the corpse was conveyed by the pall-bearers from the Union Hotel to the catafalco, where it was placed in front on stools. The coffin, which was a metallic one, was covered with flowers. After the pall-bearers and orator had seated themselves, a solemn silence prevailed for a brief period, when Colonel Baker arose and delivered a masterly eulogistic oration, causing a most profound sensation to the people of California, closing with the words—"good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!"

At the grave the Rev. Father Gallagher spoke a farewell to the departed Senator. In the course of his remarks, he said that the deceased had fallen a victim to a most baneful practice, that a false necessity drove the dead brave young chieftain to. The duello is a relic of the pagan age, and he who dies under such circumstances is denied by the solemn law of the church the sacred service of the same, or a last resting-place in her sacred grounds. For twelve hundred years the church had interdicted the barbarous pagan practice of duelling, and could not make any exception to the sacred law, even in the case of the honored, respected and beloved dead, however much it might be desired. The deceased, after the fatal shot, had been received into the church, and the last rites of the same administered to him.

There were in the procession to the grave thirty pall-bearers, twenty-four carriages, one hundred and nine one and two horse buggies, seventy-four pioneers on foot, one thousand one hundred and fourteen citizens, firemen, &c., on foot, and eighty-two horsemen.

When Franklin was a young man, a friend of his, who was about to set up in business for himself as a hatter, consulted his acquaintances on the important subject of his sign. The one he had proposed to himself was this—"John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the sign of a hat. The first friend whose advice he asked suggested that the word "hatter" was certainly superfluous; to which he readily agreeing, it was struck out. The next remarked that it was unnecessary to mention that he required "ready money" for his hats—few persons wishing credit for an article of no more cost than a hat, or if they did, they would sometimes find it advisable to give it. These words were accordingly struck out, and the sign then stood that "John Thompson makes and sells hats." A third friend who was consulted said, that when a man looked to buy a hat he did not care who made it, on which two more words were struck out. On showing to another the sign thus abridged to "John Thompson sells hats," he exclaimed, "Why, who will expect you to give them away?" On which cogent criticism two more words were expunged, and nothing of the original sign was left but "John Thompson," with the sign of the hat.

BEAR AND BIRD.—Mr. Bear was at a public dinner, two gentlemen of the name of Bird being in company. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on to oblige the company with a song; he immediately rose and said:

"Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper, that I cannot help noticing it."

"For why," said the gentlemen.

"That you should call on a Bear to sing when you have two Birds in the company."

An eminent lawyer in Glasgow once had a client whose name was Widow Tickle. He rose and commenced to address the honorable Court in this manner:

"Tickle, my client, my lord," and paused for a moment.

The judge, who was considered a wag, broke in after this most ludicrous style:

"Ye maun tickle her yerself, Mr. McLaughlin. It's not the business of this Court to tickle yer client, my bra' mon."

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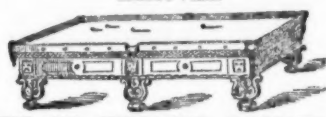
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